

THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES
VOLUME XXXIV.

No. 3270 March 9, 1907.

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Vol. CCLII. }

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR SIX DOLLARS remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage, to any part of the U.S. or Canada.

Postage to foreign countries in U. P. U. is 3 cents per copy or \$1.56 per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office or express money order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter.

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THE INGLESIDE.

When the shadows downward glide
Fancy rules the ingleside,
And within the glowing fire
Lie the dream fields of Desire.

Brighter than the lighted lamps
Gleam the stars on far-off camps,
Warmer than the pine-log glow
Wait the lips of long ago.

There is not a lover fair
But her face is pictured there,
There is not a comrade true
But goes redly riding through.

There is ne'er a dream of fame
But takes shape in yonder flame,
There is ne'er a song of love
But is sung in yon red grove.

Soft and gray a cinder falls:
Camp and grove and castle walls
Faded away in dust and flame
With our dreams of love and fame;

Yet, when shadows downward glide
Fancy rules the ingleside,
And we find amid the fire
Dream flowers of the old Desire.

Will H. Ogilvie.

The Outlook.

MID WINTER NIGHT.

Now cometh on the dead time of the
year:

Meadows in flood and heaths all barren
are.

Across the downs and black, tempestuous
leas

Blow the dull boomings of deserted
seas.

No horsemen fare abroad: no shepherd-
herds watch.

And shivering birds cower within the
thatch:

But up the wind, around and down the
gale

Steeple to steeple, bell to bell doth
hall:

"Rest ye: 'tis well."—Thus in the black
o' night

Thro' rainy distance, hid from touch
and sight

Man unto man doth make his kinship
known

And cries from bell-throats: "God doth
own his own,

Being man!"

Lo, in the warmths and golden lights
Sheltering by hearths, 'neath roofs,
thro' these fell nights

Home from the barren heaths and
hungry seas

We voyage bravely towards awaken-
ing:

Since dead o' the year leads on to dis-
tant spring,

Sleep towards daybreak, and old mem-
ories

Unto new deeds to do.

So bell to bell

Calleth across the folds: "Rest ye: 'tis
well.

Christ's Man and King: Night's dead,
they tell.

Winter hath lost her sting, the Scriptures
tell."

Ford Madox Hueffer.

Country Life.

THE PICTURE.

What dream of fair haired maidens
shyly won

In golden orchards underneath the sun,
Or murmurous peace of meadows: what
clean joy

Of sunburnt reapers on the sloping
hills,

What song of larks, what plash of
pleasant rills

In some forgotten vale of old Savoy.

Vision of ancient peace in lands apart!

What stress of counting house or teem-
ing mart,

What toll can make thee other than a
dream.

What small contriving through the
empty years,

What tedious interchange of hopes and
fears

Shall yield us such sweet peace as thou
dost seem

To breathe for ever into man's tired
heart,

Whispering of quiet woods and scented
hay

In sunny lands—ah me! how far away.
The Speaker.

WOMEN AND POLITICS.

On behalf of a great though silent multitude of women, I desire to set forth some of the grounds on which we shrink from the proposed abolition of our present exemption from the office of electing members of Parliament. This change, if made without the serious attempt to ascertain the wishes of the women of England, may inflict upon them, against their will and without a hearing, a grave injustice.

I am not about to attempt a full discussion of the whole subject, that being a task for which I am by no means competent. Nor is it my purpose to argue against the proposed measure. My objects are (1) to urge the claim of women to be consulted before any such unaccustomed share in the work of the country is assigned to them; and (2) to contribute towards the full and deliberate consideration of the question in all its bearings by calling attention to some of the pleas which women of the more retiring type are either unable, or for obvious reasons unwilling, to put forward for themselves.

(1) With regard to the first question—viz., the claim of women to be consulted before the introduction of any measure so profoundly affecting their interests, and through them the interests of the whole nation—a very few words will suffice, for there can scarcely be two opinions as to the desirableness of the step if practicable. And it could hardly “pass the wit of man” to devise some method by which the opinion of women could be ascertained. There can be no impossibility about a referendum, however unfamiliar to us may be the necessary machinery. In this way, and in this way alone, we could ascertain what is the

real wish of Englishwomen in this matter. We who object to the change would assuredly be glad of the opportunity of protesting; while the women who are agitating for the suffrage could not without obvious inconsistency demand that it should be given without reference to the wish of “one half the nation.” We may be wrong in thinking that the change in our position would be disastrous. We cannot be wrong in maintaining that it should not be involuntary.

(2) But to set forth the grounds on which many women are strongly though silently opposed to the measure is a far more arduous task. The difficulty of approaching the subject from a point of view distinctively feminine, and at the same time purely human, is great, though, I trust, not insuperable. It arises, of course, largely from those habits of reserve, and those surrounding shelters of convention and tradition, for the continuance of which we have to plead. Many women, I am sure, are silent in this controversy, not only because their education may have in some degree unfitted them for the public advocacy of their cause, but also because the very cause itself which they would advocate—the cause of reserve, of modesty, of personal dignity and refinement—appears to forbid public discussion of a position which till lately has seemed to be “its own security.” It can, however, no longer be held that the subject of the right position of women is sufficiently protected by our better instincts from public discussion; and since those who wish for a change are restrained by no such scruples as I have referred to, it would, indeed, be misplaced modesty to allow judgment to go by default.

The difficulty of discussing the question of female suffrage to any good purpose is also greatly increased by the impossibility of detaching it from the much larger and deeper problem of the right general position of women, and the feminine and human ideals to which that position should correspond and contribute. The question of the suffrage, indeed, is but an incident, so to speak, in the great movement of the last century towards what is called the "emancipation" of women. That movement has, no doubt, been mainly for good. Much has been gained for women and for the race by the removal of many restraints and causes of oppression from the lot of women, and by the opening to them of various spheres of activity and means both of self-support and of education from which they were formerly debarred. Yet none but a bold, not to say a blind, partisan of "progress" would venture to deny that the price paid for these gains had been a heavy one. With the removal of restraints it was inevitable that special protections should also be removed. With the opening of careers for women it was inevitable that they should become, more than of old, recognized breadwinners. It may be good that all doors should be open. It does not follow that it must be equally wise to pass through them all. No one can deny that there is need for caution in going forward; and we are now confronted with the demand for a further step in the same direction, by which in the name of justice and of equal rights a real injustice, as many of us feel, may not impossibly be wrought. For the equalization of conditions or of tasks, in disregard of unequal abilities, is manifestly injustice. Whether women can in any sense be considered as "equal" to men appears to be a question as idle as it is interminable; but there is no need to consider it,

since women are certainly handicapped by natural burdens from which men are free.

The women whose profound, though often unspoken, reluctance to the proposed addition to their duties and responsibilities I am endeavoring to interpret, do not regard the question as mainly referring to the value, or the best distribution, of a particular bit of political machinery; but as involving that of the right and fair division of labor between the sexes. We regard the suffrage not as conferring a necessarily advantageous position, but rather as the symbol, and to some extent the instrument, of a public participation in political functions; not as a prize to be coveted, but as the token of a task which should not be indiscriminately imposed—a task not to be lightly undertaken, or discharged without encountering both toll and opposition. We think that justice and fairness consist, not in ignoring actual differences, but in so adjusting necessary burdens with due regard to the lines of irremovable difference as to secure the most even distribution of pressure. We believe that the fact that Nature has irrevocably imposed certain burdens on our sex constitutes a claim, as a matter of justice, that we should be relieved from some part of those functions which men are competent to share with us.

That we have hitherto been exempt from political and electoral duties is, we believe, the natural result of the universal and partly instinctive recognition of this piece of elementary justice. It cannot be in fairness attributed to any doubt of our "worthiness" to take a part in national duties and responsibilities. Rather it is owing to the belief, unquestioned till yesterday, that other methods of sharing such duties were more worthy of our already burdened strength. It has hitherto been felt that woman's time

and woman's best energies were not only more fitly occupied, but more economically bestowed, in discharging those duties which she alone is capable of undertaking. And who can estimate the importance to the whole nation of the right and unhindered performance of those duties?

It is often said that the suffrage could be no grievance to the women who do not wish for it, because they could always abstain from voting. Individuals, of course, could abstain. But is it reasonable to suppose that women generally, if placed by the deliberate act of the nation in the position of electors, could maintain their present sense of exemption from the call to investigate for themselves the opinions and qualifications of candidates, and the mechanism and probable working of the particular measures to which candidates might be willing to pledge themselves? Any woman could, of course, abstain from voting; but would this shelter her from being canvassed for her vote? Is it possible to suppose that a constitutional change of such magnitude as the extension of the suffrage to women would leave unaltered the prevailing view of the right relative position of the sexes? It is not the convenience or the wish of either sex, still less of individuals, that we have to consider, but the good of the nation. The proposed change may be for good or for evil, but it is idle to deny that it would be far-reaching and important in its effect on all our social relations.

Again, we are told that the objection which rests on the fact that the hands of women are already full of domestic duties does not apply to the large (at present unduly large) proportion of single women, who for the purposes of argument are often assumed to have no share in such duties. Those of us who occupy that position well know how far this is from being the

case, even during the existence of the present excess of the female population (soon, we must hope, to be reduced for the benefit of the colonies). In almost every home in the country, in every school, and every hospital, and every poverty-stricken district, there is work for single women, and the difficulty even now is to find women available for the performance of it. Childless women, of course, have more freedom of choice in the disposal of their time than mothers; but if they are but moderately capable they will find the demands on their time and sympathies often overwhelming. While sickness and sorrow and orphanhood abound amongst us as they do, it can hardly be otherwise.

It is also to be remembered that unmarried women, though many, are yet a minority. It is not easy to ascertain the precise proportion of women who never marry, but it would appear from an observation continued during some months of the deaths of women over thirty, as recorded in the *Times* newspaper, that about three out of four were or had been married. In the wage-earning classes the proportion of confirmed spinsters is probably still smaller. At any rate, the number of women of mature age who have really no domestic duties can never be large enough to alter to any appreciable extent the general truth that women's work, even when professional (as in the case of trained nurses, school-teachers, and matrons of institutions), is still chiefly domestic. Whether it ought to be more or less exclusively so than it is now is a question of far-reaching importance, and well worth our serious consideration. Its bearing upon the question of the suffrage is, perhaps, chiefly indirect. For there is no doubt that almost all women, whether married or single, and whatever their occupation, could find time to record a vote, if that were all, and

if it were their duty to do so. The question is whether, without neglecting their own special work, they can have leisure or opportunity for acquiring the familiar knowledge, either of candidates or of measures, which would be needed to give any value to their votes; whether, in short, public affairs are not outside the peculiar province of women, and whether it is best that women should outstep, or remain within, their own peculiar province.

In a certain sense, no doubt, public affairs are the province of us all. There are many questions coming before Parliament on which it would be most desirable that the opinion of wise and experienced women should be heard. If it were within the horizon of practical politics that some women should sit in each House, or that there should be a third House (with or without legislative power) in which the voice of women could be heard, as that of "the Church" is heard in Convocation, much would no doubt be gained. In that way a certain feminine tone—by which I mean a tone of comparative tenderness, calmness, and piety, combined with a lively sense of detail—might not ineffectually leaven the deliberations of our representatives. Women, in electing each other, would bring to bear a real discrimination, and such elections could be carried on in modes specially adapted to preserve the essential qualities of womanhood from unfavorable influences.

But this is not what seems to be now in contemplation. The object of the present agitation seems to be to obliterate for electioneering purposes the distinction of sex, while maintaining it as regards the members elected, and so to plunge women into the struggles of an ordinary election, merely that their votes may be given in favor of one man rather than another. This process appears to be doubly wasteful.

No one can be sure what would be its effect on the House of Commons. The candidates chosen by men and women jointly might be pledged to a rather different set of measures from those now demanded of them; or the relative importance of certain measures might be in some degree altered; but the representatives chosen would still be men, and as such entirely incompetent to represent the woman's view of affairs. I am not undervaluing the importance of that view. My contention rather is that the proposed change would fail to give effect to it, and would, at the same time tend to hinder its present effectiveness, as conveyed through its natural channels of gentle home influence and personal authority over the consciences and convictions of men.

It is certainly not in the interests of either sex alone that this question should be considered. Nor can the demand for the extension of the suffrage to women be rightly described as a claim made by "woman." Not only do many women utterly refuse to acknowledge as their representatives those who are now making that demand, but these silent opponents feel that it is a claim *on* women rather than *for* women which is under consideration. The use of the word "enfranchisement" as equivalent to voting power appears to be full of misleading associations. To have a voice in electing members of Parliament is, no doubt, to have a minute fragment of political power. But this is a very different thing from freedom. It seems to me very doubtful whether the personal freedom of women would, on the whole, be increased by the possession of such power.

Anything like rivalry or jealousy between the sexes is too odious a thought to be dwelt on. But it seems necessary to remember that, were it possible for any such opposition to arise, women must of necessity fall.

Our strength lies not in our power to oppose, but in our appeal to all that is best and tenderest in men—in our possession of a key to their reverence. If there be any method by which we can really help them more fully, either in private or in public life, every true woman will rejoice to use it. But the suffrage can never have any other value or importance than as it may help or hinder the united and harmonious action of the nation as a whole. It is a means to an end, not a thing precious in itself.

What we therefore have to consider is a deeper and larger question than that of our electoral machinery. It is what adjustment of offices and burdens, as between men and women, will most effectually promote the harmonious and energetic working of our national institutions, and the purification and elevation of our national life, both in public and in private.

To whatever extent it may be possible, by changes in our organization and in our accepted ideals, to assimilate the functions of the two sexes, to that extent, of course, the advantage of variety is sacrificed. If women are to be encouraged to spend their lives, so far as Nature allows, as men spend theirs, the special value and virtue of womanliness will be lost; and the contribution of women to the general stock will to that extent be merely a numerical increase, not an enrichment of quality. This change, which would in my judgment be a disastrous one, is happily limited, not only by immemorial custom, but in the last resort by unalterable conditions; but it is not so limited as that there is nothing risked by the attempt to approach, or even to push forward, the limit. The extension of the suffrage to women might not by itself greatly lessen the distinctness of the present division of human affairs into separate provinces; but as the symbol and in-

strument of what is called "emancipation" it would unquestionably tend in that direction. And we are bound to consider seriously how far we are right in pursuing the policy of effacing or ignoring the distinctions of sex. To say that this policy has gone far enough is not to cast any doubt on its having been right to pursue it up to a certain point. It does not follow, because a certain process has been beneficial in a particular case and a moderate degree, that it must be desirable to push it in all cases to the utmost extreme.

The real question, then, is whether our country will be best served by a continuation of the present immemorial distribution of functions, by which men undertake the actual management of what are emphatically called public affairs, while women are mainly occupied with private or domestic matters, each sex exercising the while a powerful influence on the way in which the other manages its own special business; or whether it would be a better plan that both sexes should indiscriminately attend to all business, whether public or private.

There is a certain absurdity about the mere suggestion of men's taking any increased part in women's work, which seems to show the inherent one-sidedness or unfairness of the suggested alteration. What is, in fact, proposed is that women, while continuing to do all their own work, shall take an increased share in that of men—or, if the expression be preferred, in that which is open to both men and women. The obvious result would be that the work which women only can do must be increasingly neglected. How much and how grievously it is already neglected is too clear from the terrible statistics of infant mortality, and probably also from the evidence of physical degeneration in adults. The health and vigor of the nation are at

the present time too obviously suffering from the extent to which, in the wage-earning classes, at any rate, women have become bread-winners.¹ I do not, of course, mean that this is the only cause of the evils in question, but that it is one of their main causes can, I think, hardly be denied. Whatever tends to throw on women more than their natural share of the burdens and struggles of life must act unfavorably upon the children.

I know that this and other kindred evils are very naturally brought forward as showing the need of more feminine and motherly influences on public affairs. As to the need of such influence I most earnestly agree. It is the very ground of my whole protest; for if women are to exercise it they must before all things remain feminine and motherly. Call them away from home—from their own comparatively limited but (perhaps for that very reason) deeper and more lasting range of influence, into the wider arena of political strife and of the multifarious daily business of the outer world—and you may find that you have forfeited the very qualities of which you were in search; or, rather, you may gravely impair that which, thank Heaven, can never be entirely forfeited.

For what is it that makes or keeps women feminine and motherly? Why do we expect to find in women a tenderness, a gentleness, and a detailed consideration and understanding of the needs and sufferings of others, along with a rapidity and sureness of instinctive judgment and a delicate sense of moral fitness, not to be found in anything like the same degree in men of the same social position and opportunities? Because they are born so, will be the reply of most people.

Largely, no doubt, the difference is innate, and depends upon conditions beyond our ken or control. To that extent I thankfully believe it to be indestructible. But we want, for the purification and elevation of our national life and action, not the irreducible minimum of womanliness. We desire, not the lowest, but the highest and purest type of womanhood to be preserved and perpetuated amongst us. Who can doubt that this depends largely upon social and educational influences, and upon the nature of the feminine ideal we accept as distinct from, and complementary to, the masculine ideal?

The purest and noblest type of womanhood is assuredly—and this is what, I fear, we are in some danger of forgetting—largely developed by the experiences and habits of motherhood and sisterhood, whether actual or ideal. That is to say, women are, or have been, from their childhood trained to bestow a very large proportion of their time and attention upon the art of family life. From the doll stage onwards the habit of watching over and cherishing the helpless, and especially the suffering, is exercised and encouraged. As long as the lot of wife and mother—or, as an alternative, that of Sister of Charity and Mother in Israel—was regarded as the ideal destiny for women generally, the virtues of patient, self-forgetful devotion and tenderness, with all the accompanying qualities which we call specially womanly, were fostered by every surrounding influence. But it is idle to suppose that these qualities will flourish equally well in an atmosphere of ambition for success in professional or political careers. Dare we say even now that there is no falling off in the appreciation by girls of the beautiful possibilities of domestic life? Can we honestly say that the free and applauded entrance of women

¹ No one who has worked among the poor can have failed to notice the discreditable readiness of many men to live upon the earnings of their wives.

on careers more or less public has not lessened their readiness to undertake the heavy, though precious, burdens of maternity?

If it be true, as we can scarcely doubt, that some such grievous perversion of natural feeling is going on, the causes of it must certainly be far deeper and wider than can be reached by any electoral arrangements. But the existence of a serious danger is reason enough for avoiding everything which may in even a slight degree tend to aggravate it, and this particular danger must obviously be increased by whatever tends to exalt political and public careers in the estimation of women as compared with the exercise of motherly and specially feminine influences.

It is not from any wish to exclude women from taking their share in public life that we dread the suffrage. We desire, while preserving the old domestic ideal, to extend its action beyond the narrow limits of particular families, and beyond the actual relation of parent and child, so as to purify and elevate the whole of our national action through its influence—*by its own methods*. To this end our first care must be to see that girls shall still be trained to motherliness from infancy, and that all our expanding views of education, all our modern facilities for extending it, shall be regulated by this distinct aim. Maternal instincts may, indeed, be innate in all good women, but it does not follow that their right development is independent of training. Appreciation and admiration alone are not sufficient to preserve them. The art of family life, like all other arts, needs steady practice and study. It consists in the continual application to all the details of daily home life of those principles of goodness, beauty, and truth which underlie all right action, but the working of which, by continual practice

in "that which is least," comes to be more instinctively recognized, if less intellectually grasped, by the half of humanity whose duties lie nearest at hand, and in whom the sense of duty has a more or less conscious root in physical instincts. It does not seem possible to cultivate merely intellectual faculties to the utmost without in some degree sacrificing the swiftness and clearness of moral instincts. At any rate, the womanly gift of instantaneous moral judgment must greatly result from the fact that in family life observation, quickened by affection, supplies so much practice in the rapid and almost unconscious application of ethical standards, apart from the slower process of reasoning out the connection between welfare and virtue. That slower process is doubtless quite as important as instinctive judgment, and, indeed, is indispensable as a support and corrective to it. My point is that if we begin to aim at qualifying women to take a share in public life on the same level with men, not to say—which Heaven forbid!—in opposition to or rivalry with them, we shall run a serious risk of blunting the weapon with which a more domestic training so wonderfully furnishes them, for promptly dividing truth from error, reality from pretence, purity of motive from self-seeking, however plausible or disguised. By the keenness and especially the detachment of feminine judgment many a man is kept from sinking to the level of worldly or professional or business codes of conventional morality. While home is a sanctuary, the world of business and politics is continually open to a purifying and elevating influence. I thankfully believe that this influence can never be wholly lost. I gravely fear that it may be lowered by the throwing down of all protecting barriers between women and the rough outer world.

The sanctuary which every rightly ordered home must be is not a mere school of housekeeping and ornament, but a centre of calmness and peace, from which the greatest and deepest as well as the minutest things of life wear an aspect not less but more impressive than they can have in the market or the street. I would have women, to the extent of their ability, study and form a deliberate judgment upon the concerns of their country and of the world at large. If their sheltered position as home-builders naturally prevents their becoming familiar with the precise working of political machinery, their view of the goal to be aimed at may be all the more distinct. From their bird's-eye point of view the end may be kept well in sight, while the means by which it is to be worked out are chiefly left to the men who are in the thick of the battle. From such a central but retired position—"true to the kindred points of heaven and home"—may radiate influences far stronger as well as purer than could ever be exercised by comrades in the field. Where all are striving none can be umpire. I would have an Egeria in every house

The Nineteenth Century and After.

to act not only as inspirer, but as moderator and guide of the patriotic zeal of the men whose hearts, after all, she holds in her hands.

We cannot eat our cake and have it. The world will move, and in striving for new virtues and new powers for good some of the old defences must, I readily acknowledge, be left behind. Yet no one will deny that the process, however beneficial, is a dangerous one. It may be that my apprehensions are exaggerated; it may be that there are real needs, imperfectly visible to my eyes, for some further alteration of our traditional balance and adjustment of functions as between men and women. It may be that the gains of such readjustment will outweigh the losses, and that new virtues may be developed by it without serious injury to the old loveliness of life. But it cannot be right that such readjustment should be made or stimulated on any but the broadest grounds of national expediency, or without the hearty concurrence of the half of the nation most immediately concerned.

Caroline E. Stephen.

IN WILD GALLOWAY.

The successful romance-writer is a blessing to many: among others to his publisher, himself and a certain section of the people of the district upon which he turns the lantern of his fancy. This needs no proving. Not all persons can tolerate the procession into their midst of strangers ready to smile much, exclaim greatly and even weep a little over the memories of local deeds and individuals of mere imagination; but such pilgrims are as manna from above to an active minority. To the photographer, the makers of "Keep-

sake" mugs ("A present from —"), paper knives, brooches, etc., the letters of lodgings, the purveyors of liquor and a fringe of small nobodies besides—to these the writer is a kind of subordinate Providence. They gratefully roll his log for him higher and higher up the hill of fame. If it depended on them, he would be knighted off-hand and then wreathed as an immortal.

Such a benefactor is Mr. Crockett. Among the crimsoned moors, the solitary mountains and the dark and shin-

ing lakes of Galloway, his name is a household word. He is quoted in the newspapers and mentioned in Free Kirk pulpits; coaches are run in his honor through the wilds of the land—and "The Raiders" stands on cottage bookshelves which bear no other literature save the Bible, a Sunlight Soap almanac, a dog-eared collection of patent medicine pamphlets, and something "fiery" written of old by an aggrieved Covenantanter. Ere long there will be a "Raiders" whiskey—if by this time it has not come out hot from the still. The rumor travels that already an American with more money and sensibility than sense has approached the actual laird of Rathen (otherwise Hestan) with an offer for the fifty-two acres of grass land, rocks, oat fields, and potato patch of which the unassuming islet of the late Patrick Heron consists. And, out of question, whenever Mr. Crockett chooses to lay aside his pen and take for a change to platforms, in search of a seat in Parliament, Galloway in its every part will thrill with eagerness and fight hard for the privilege of gratifying him in the ambition.

The district allures for itself, however, apart from Mr. Crockett; also for its people. Among these there are still plain traces of that series of invasions in coracles from "the white cliffs of Antrim," which first brought the Scots into what we call Scotland. The blend of the downright Celtic temperament with the characteristic Scottish nature might be expected to work well. For one thing, it seems to explain a certain raciness of talk quite peculiar to the district. This was impressed on me bravely one evening when I smoked my pipe in the common bar-room of the Murray Arms Hotel of Gatehouse, on an inlet of the Solway. Here the "post," the miller, a smith and two or three brawny nondescripts made the air ring with their earnest

Doric, which sparkled with phrases. The girl who supplied them with drink was as apt at repartee as themselves; and, sad to say, she smiled most when they swore loudest. One remark of the "post's" sticks in my mind: "The lad's fou: he canna coort a lassie!" Not much in itself, but precious for the excellent variety of new expressions it made to bloom of a sudden on the faces of these Galwegian toppers. The miller's head shook sorrowfully, as if the "post's" condemnation was bound to end in the extinction of a noble breed of man. But, for the most part, the company bellowed. And the girl said calmly while she polished a tumbler: "He'd be gey ill to wed—a man the like o' that!"

There is a sense of Celtic irresponsibility and wildness in the land. The precise, slow-but-sure, thorough-bred lowland Scot heaves his shoulders at it and says: "Eh, man, it's just an awfu' thing to see!" This salts the relish for the stranger, however, who can give one hand to the level-headed Scot and the other to the crack-brained Celt and say "Welcome!" heartily to both. It leads to animosities, of course, but these tend towards drama, which stirs the blood. I spent a fortnight on Solway's shores near a white little clot of houses on a green slope that looked at the blue water as if it had all the simplicity and pureness of mind of Eve in the early days of Eden. Yet the dame, my hostess, on my first day thus made report to me of the place. "There's three meenisters in the village and ne'er a one speaks to the other of them. Two belong to the Established Church of Scotland and one to the Free Church. It's not a verra good principle to put before fowks."

Higher up, in fact deepest among the "drums" and mountains of Middle Galloway, where there are as many trout streams as partings between the hillocks, I heard a very impassioned

sermon one Sunday by a preacher of the true Covenanting type about divers of his flock who, I judge, could not shake free of the Celtic blood in them. The sermon lasted fifty minutes, though that is neither here nor there. The preacher was not so rude as some on the subject of hell, but it wrung his vitals and seared his soul to reflect about the levity with which his most earnest remonstrances and even denunciations were received by certain sinning members of his flock. "Some treat my words as an impertinence, with others there is a curl of the lip while they listen, which proves the insincerity of their repentance, and others again submit to discipline with hard hearts and no faith, if any resolution, for conflict with the damnable lures of the Evil One in the future." Then, with flashing eyes, the preacher spoke of the old Covenanting days which Mr. Crockett loves. "Your great-hearted noble forefathers were different to these their descendants—stalwart souls, ever haunted by the sense of sin, with the fear of no man in them, only of God." And so on. This preacher was at one time a cobbler. The true Scots of his congregation listened to his eloquence unmoved, with stolid eyes and hands pushing their ears to the front; while the half-Celts fidgeted or idled outside instead of listening at all.

The old fighting Galwegians, when the fingers of the kings of England had begun to clutch at Scotland, were, one may believe, somewhat hampered by this same mixed strain in them. Their Celtic blood urged them to dash into the fray helter-skelter; but the instinctive caution (by no means itself incompatible with instinctive bravery) of the Scottish temperament in their case was not wholly a blessing. It seems as often as not to have whispered to them at the wrong moment that they were playing a mad part in

thus risking their lives. A Galwegian charge, so formidable at the outset, was in fact soon turned into a Galwegian rout. It was every man for himself in the blithe first quick rush of battle, and a little later it was every man for himself in the mad scamper back to the dun and crimson hills, with their secure fastnesses, their lakes and streams and quaking bogs.

It was a reproach to Galloway in 1258 that its people "ate flesh in Lent." But on the other hand they did not trouble about the fish with which their many rivers and lakes teemed then as now. Even in Roman times it was told of the Galloway Scots, as a curious feature in them, that they did not eat fish. It was the same in the thirteenth century. When Edward the First invaded the land he had to send to Carlisle for experienced fishermen "with suitable nets" to supply the royal table with trout. But there was one thing they did love—the mead made from heather. Their old kilns for the purpose may still be found among the moors on the banks of clear little streams. It was also here as in Ireland under the Brehon jurisdiction: bees were closely protected by law. Galloway honey is famous to this day, especially that of Borgue near Kirkcudbright. But there is no reason in the world why the Galloway housewife should be so unmindful of the flies cloyed to death in it, except it be that she cannot help the assertion in her of that old Irish indifference to the small refinements of life.

There is a directness and also an inconsequence of speech, as well as a contempt for orthography, in many modern Galwegians which, each in its own diverting way, tells the same tale. Perhaps there was nothing particularly Irish in the matter-of-fact remark. "Ay! ah! ye'll sune be wanting your shroud!" with which a visiting "body" opened the conversation with my host-

ess in a Kirkcudbrightshire farmhouse one afternoon. The latter was a little out of sorts, and had confessed that her spirits were low. But I am happy to say she resented with vigor the insinuation that she was quite so far gone; in fact, she quarrelled with her visitor, which probably no true Scottish dame would have done on such a subject. Elsewhere I heard of a similar conflict. "I called in the new doctor," said my informant, an incredibly glib Ayrshire carpenter, "because he was just come from Ireland to settle in the toon, and had a fine name, and I wasna on speaking terms with the other man. He lookit at the wife and he said, says he, 'Good Heavens! what a throat! I wouldna have such a throat on me for a mint o' money!' The wife didna like it, and it isna surprising. But he's an awfu' nice man, though dear, and brocht up a gentleman, as a body may see, though too young to have opeenions o' his own worth respecting." This carpenter, of whom I saw much, for I lodged with him, was a most precious example of the Irish and Scottish natures more or less welded. At one time he would be as sober, heavy and industrious as a Thrums man. That same evening the Irish blood in him would be tumultuously "on the loose," if the expression may be allowed; his hurrying sentences choked with ambiguity while he nevertheless struck down the reputations of his neighbors with a freedom which suggested that his ancestors had missed their mark in crossing the Channel instead of giving him the chance to ripen into greatness as candidate for a Connemara borough. But there was better to follow. When the Sabbath came round, he and his ample wife chirped hymns in the kitchen from early morn to bedtime, save when they were eating their meals or sitting at the minister's feet; nor would they on that restful day

give me anything hot except the tea. On one of the succeeding Mondays, however, he told me pat that his minister was "a poor weak crathur," and that his flock were "a pack o' drunkards." This carpenter and his wife were so charming a study that for their own sake I endured with ease the barbaric mixture of comfort, dust, and coarse cooking with which they indulged me on high terms.

In the matter of contempt for orthography, I cannot do better than start with an inscription above a pump in the chief square of the county town of Kirkcudbright, whose wynds and closes and castle much endear it to the romantic southerner:

This fount—not riches—Life supplies,
Art gives what Nature here denies;
Posterity must surely bliss
Saint Cuthbert's sons who purchased
this.

The date of the pump seems to be 1763. Kirkcudbright ought to have been smiling ever since; yet it may be doubted if the majority of the population see aught wrong in the verse. In any case, one must admire the contentment in the character of a people who for nearly a century and a half have borne willingly such a blot upon their intellect. Of course there is a pert and prim school-board building in modern Kirkcudbright; but the bare-legged lassies who draw water from the pump when they have done their lessons seem to mind as little as their parents the rhyme won at such grievous cost. Two or three other samples of Galloway's Celtic superiority to the details of life may be offered. There is not much in the following, yet, presumably, it received the sanction of authority: "Erected by amateurs of Auchencalrn to the memory of two unfortunate seamen whose bodies," etc. The stone may be seen in the Auchencalrn Cemetery and does credit to the local

heart. Far better of its kind is the mortuary preface in the Buittle churchyard, near Dalbeattie, "As a small memento of ferial regard." In the same place one reads a line "In memory of Charels Maxwell," which may or may not be the chisel's mistake. But, best of all, in my humble esteem, was the bold old English writing above the doorway of the room I occupied as parlor in a venerable farmhouse on the Solway. It said "Dearey." I was told that long ago it had meant "dairy," but it was of course optional to believe that tale, and upon the whole, in the interests of fancy, I prefer to think that this was no mere error of spelling. The room was much too stately, and with too bright an outlook, to be consecrated to nothing nobler than milk bowls. Like enough it was a Celtic husband who, in the first year of his love, painted the fond word above his young wife's 'tiring-room. Later residents, of the Scottish cast of character, would, as a matter of course, not enter into the secret of such an interpretation.

And now, if you please, come with me into the humble, yet nowise impoverished, cottage of a shepherd in the Kells mountains, in the heart of the country once possessed by the "bloody Macatericks," as Mr. Crockett no doubt justly calls them. The house stands high against a heathery slope, with two or three bright green meadow-patches about it, and pressed on one side by a bonny burn brisk with the impetuosity of extreme youth and as pure as childhood. There is no house beyond it until you have climbed to a watershed, descended awhile among moss-bags and crossed two or three other fresh young streams, all bound for the rather remote Solway and all frolicsome with the speckled trout. The shepherd himself is one of Mr. Crockett's numerous acquaintances

in the Galloway hills. He could pass an examination in "The Raiders." It was a comrade of his who again and again tramped with the novelist through the hags and up the rough hillsides of Cooran Lane—that impressive, utterly lonesome defile between the Kells and the Wolf's Slock—and to whom Mr. Crockett sent a copy of his book with the flattering words in it, more or less, from "The Men of the Moss-Hags": "Any shackle can write a book, but it takes a man to herd the Merrick."

This shepherd of the Kells, with whom I spent two days and as many nights, was blessed with five lusty children, the three elder ones, two boys and a girl, constrained to tramp dally over the pathless mountains to the nearest school, a rough three miles or more each way. One would have thought the muscular exertion and the weathering of such an excursion quite enough, combined with the class work itself, for the energies of the youngsters—as it certainly was for the girl of the three in a green Tam o'Shanter. But here was no Celtic blood. In the evening there was farm work of a sort for the boys; calves to be fed, cows milked and that sort of thing; and afterwards preparation for the lessons of the morrow. The shepherd, honest man, hoped I might give his sons a little aid with their English grammar. But, faith! the thing was impossible, when I was confronted with the verblage of the inevitable text-book by which repellent road alone they were to proceed towards Parnassus. Then, without a shrug, the shepherd himself took up the parable, and I listened to him and the youngsters and got my useless lesson also on the subject of predicate, extension of the predicate and all the dismal rest of it. The hard head of the thoroughbred Scot tackled the uninviting pages with the same determination it gives to the

sheep on the mountains at the first menace of snow. And his boy was like him—the kind of youngster who may by and by be expected to do well against the king's enemies, if fortune makes a soldier of him instead of a schoolmaster, or a herd like his father.

It may be a misuse of evidence, but methinks there is something in the advertisements of the *Dumfries* and *Dalbeattie* weekly papers which helps to show that the Celt still presses severely upon the indigenous Scot of the lowlands. In the summer months these announce Sunday coach-drives to attractive places. Moreover, the coaches are well patronized. This in the very home of the Covenanters, whose tombstones of the "killing time" still cry aloud for vengeance against the ungodly rabble of Claverhouse's men, though in letters with a good deal of moss on them! The true son of the soil glowers at the cartloads of merry-makers and thinks his grim compensating thoughts; but the merry-makers themselves are not ashamed, nor do they believe it when they are told by the minister that hell-fire will be their portion. One reverent dame opened her mind to me on the subject, without heed of my nationality. "They talk of the English ower yonder being fine Sabbath-breakers, but it's my opinion the Scotch are getting every bit as bad." It gave her a certain pleasure to tell of the drowning of one of these Sunday trippers, who got out of his depth in the sea after the coach drive from *Dumfries*. "But," she added, "though they brought him back a corpse it made no difference." This same dame, however, had ready apology for the butcher-boy when the lad astonished me by delivering a joint on the Sabbath, just before the church bells began to ring. "They wouldna do it except they couldna help it," she said, "the beastie being killed so late on the Saturday night."

But to turn from the people to their environment. Mr. Crockett describes Galloway as "a wide, wild place where the raw edges of creation have not been rubbed down." That is scarcely fair to it. Take away its hills and moorlands and there would still be hundreds of square miles of fat green meadows and fertile grainfields, as placidly rural and trim in themselves as the most exacting of Scottish farmers would have them. The rivers which streak the land with their silver, though wanton enough as youngsters, latterly stroll to the sea through these luxuriant lowland acres with a soothing forgetfulness of the tumult of their beginnings. Solway's mud fringes the coast line proper to the south, nor is this coast remarkable for its cliffs, save at Balcary, where the land drops sheer, with sharp rock needles outlying. Rabbits by fifties (heedless of the wily weasel) sit in the sunshine on the green slopes of the shore, towards which sea-birds in companies drift with the incoming tide. This agricultural bulk of the old kingdom is, of course, broken by high land in spots. Green and crimson Ben *Galra* and *Screel* are bright examples of Galloway's lower hills. They stand midway between the true wilds of the north and the sober Solway, beyond which Cumberland's mountains lift their dim outlines, with the smoking chimneys of Cumberland's seaport towns, as it were, at their bases. *Screel* is the darling of South Galloway. Though only 1120 feet high, its sharp triangular mass makes a bold bid for fame. It is crimson to its summit in the season: this and the dark woods with clear streams in them which adorn its seaward slope make it the lovely little mountain it is. Elsewhere the land rises and falls in a billow of green "drums," each one a natural mote, or justice hill. A breezy vigorous land, in the main conspicuous

for its curves instead of its "raw edges."

And really it is much the same when you turn to its mountains. From afar these are just big "drums" in their respective groups of Fleet, Keils, Carsphairn and the Merrick. Nowhere are hills less pretentious. Rob them of their radiant crimson and russet and they are little better to the eye than mudheaps from two to three thousand feet high. They improve when you are nearer to them, but you must get right into their desolate midst to understand them, and also to discover that they have their angles like the rest of us—precipices and black hollows for the storms to howl at, and deadly mossbag. Yet even here of "raw edges" there are not many. The great storm which wiped out sundry of the villains of "The Raiders," while Silver Sand and Patrick Heron hugged their cave in the Merrick, must have planed the hills amazingly. As you see them mirrored in white-margined Loch Enoch, Loch Dee and the other quiet pools of this quiet land, they are as smooth in line as a maiden's cheek. This is their aspect on a still summer's day. But be among them when the clouds lie low on their shoulders and the west wind bellows down the Wolf's Slock from Merrick, and the nearest shieling is eight slow, soft miles away, and you will feel the savageness of the land completely. The gray steeps of Craignaw and the Dungeon Hill over Cooran Lane (where 'tis runnored the salmon of the Firth of Clyde do battle in the spring-time with the salmon of the Solway) are then as horrid as cliffs can be. There is, however, no accommodation to tempt the tourist into such enterprises, and so the wilds of Galloway, now that the Faas and their kin are clean gone from them, are more lonely than they have been in any century since the time of the Romans.

Their shining lakes are little worse than virgin pools for the fisherman, and the grouse and black cock whirl from the heather and rocks at your feet in no dread of gunshot.

With fit weather one may thus be nicely tuned to appreciate the Murder Hole and the other romantic spots on Lochs Neldricken, Enoch and Valley. But in full bright daylight, with a companion and a manual to explain things with cold precision, there is not much to shiver at in this particular round pool by the lake, with its grassy fringe and its affectation of mystery. Every baron of old Galloway had his gibbet for men and his pit for women, and the sombre use of these pits, or murder holes, is still confirmed by the bones brought up from the deep pools anciently attached to the feudal order of things. But where is the castle for the murder hole of Neldricken? Nor were the "bloody Macatericks" and the other outlaws of Merrick likely to trouble about drowning their captured foes in any especial pool, when it were more convenient to cut their throats and leave the rest to the eagles.

The classic murder hole of the district, of which no doubt Mr. Crockett has heard, is in the Water of Minnick, west of the mountains. Here is a reedy pool reputed fathomless and always at the same level. Hard by was an inn kept by a base woman who thought nothing of putting out of the way such pedlars and other travellers as sought her house for the night. She killed them and dropped them into the hole. And you may test this pool to-day or to-morrow with a dead sheep or a cow, and fall altogether to recover the corpse afterwards, though you try for a week. This is the true murder hole of "The Raiders," on the sworn authority of a herd of the Merrick.

It is odd that "wild Galloway," with such a reputation for lawlessness,

should, more than any other part of the kingdom, remind us strongly of its old respect of a sort for the law. It does this in the motes, or assize hills, which speckle its surface quite curiously. There are so many of them that one must assume the establishment of village councils for the purpose, and that even first offenders were thus publicly brought to book. The local "drums" were excellently adapted for being pickaxed into shape as such courts of justice. A first trench would be dug some twenty feet below the "drum's" crest, and another trench lower still; a third trench at the base of the "drum" would make the assize hill complete. One may fill in the picture at discretion; scatter the litigants amid the bluebells on the turf slopes of the "drum," or behold the rough crowd of old Galwegians listening (with Celtic impatience) to the decrees of the local doomster. The best mote hill of the land is that on the Water of Urr, above Dalbeattie. At a little distance it looks like a great cup in a saucer, or a cardinal's hat. Its sides between and above the dividing ditches are cut sheer: the summit, for the High Court of Judicature, being protected by the sternest precipice of all. In these days, the Mote of Urr is given up to cattle. The beasts ascend to the green flowery crest of it by winding paths. They chew the cud tranquilly where the ancient judges of Galloway spake pregnant words.

It is agreeable enough, whether afoot or mounted, to track Mr. Crockett's heroes up and down the Water of Dee, to and fro in the hills and along the coast; that is to say, if the weather be fine. Yet even then one can sympathize with the dry Galloway clergyman who, in a covert protest against his fellow-parson's lapse into evil doing, remarked to an enthusiast: "You minister who writes tales makes his men do ower muckle walking." This

seems especially true of Silver Sand, otherwise John Faa, Lord of Little Egypt. One can only wonder at the leathery soles of this pleasant hero's feet, and also envy him his knack of steering straight for his bourne in the dark nights when he liked best to be abroad.

This king of the Scottish gipsies (still represented by one Charles Faa Blyth, crowned not so long ago with a brass crown at his royal palace in Yetholm of the Cheviots) compels a visit to the islet of Hestan, whither he was wont to spirit himself and his dog from the uttermost ends of Galloway. For Patrick Heron's own sake also the diminutive lairdship should by no means be neglected.

It is a fresh little hat-shaped dot of land about midway between Balcarry Point and the rough headland of Almorness, useful to the world at large for the pocket lighthouse on its eastern side. At low tide one may walk to it across the muddy sand from Auchencairn, two miles away, or from the fretted rocks of Almorness by a banked causeway of mussels with edges warranted to cut bare feet. And hither to its one white farmstead do in fact come not a few pilgrims anxious to realize the courtship of May Maxwell by young Heron. The farmer of Hestan, his wife and his son welcome all such visitors and will at a pinch bed four or five of them in the stout little homestead. They are grateful to Mr. Crockett for making them celebrated, yet feel an indistinct anxiety that it may end in an increased rental at the hands of the decent Dumfries man who has inherited the small lairdship from Patrick Heron's descendants. They regret greatly, however, that there is no spring on the island to be identified as that by which Silver Sand loved to camp and cook his Loch Grennoch trout; also, that there is not a grave on the estate to

account for May Maxwell's father or any other dead person; and that there never was, so far as they can ascertain, any such building as the tower in which Patrick and his young friends prepared to resist the attacks of Captain Yawkins and the Macaterick crew. The site of Patrick's house, however, is plain to all eyes, just above the existing farmstead. Its foundations are fast rooted, and such of its stones as have not been incorporated in its successor, or swept on to the coarse shingly beach by the storms, still cling to the foundation. It was a very good house of the common sort, but no tower.

The rugged cliffs and razor edges of Hestan's coast on the seaward side are the best things in the island. They are gaily lichened in green and gold, and of course bearded profusely with seaweed below the water line. And in their fierce recesses driftwood of many kinds finds rest after much tossing on the outer ocean. Crags better fitted to split kneecaps there never were, and one can well understand that young Patrick's scrambling about them as a boy exercised his arms so that he could in his hour of need trust to these as to no other part of him.

The great cave of the siege and the light is shown punctiliously by the

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farmer's active son. It is not at all a disappointing cave, though it lacks the features it most needs to reconcile it with the romance. You may, for instance, be securely penned in it by the flowing tide, but it has no upper chamber to which one might scramble, whether to shoot smugglers in safety or to regain the breezy green summit of the isle. The ladies who descend to it are generally sorry for themselves before they have done with it; but it is a hole sufficiently bold and dark to reflect upon subsequently with the satisfaction that hallows an achievement. One is almost loath to mention the other caves of Hestan or Rathan, because they seem mainly concerned with futile and unromantic quests for copper in paying qualities.

Mr. Crockett knows his Galloway so thoroughly that it is somewhat surprising he has not immortalized its midges as well as its mountains. These are the very worst of their kind. Captain Yawkins of execrable memory might fairly have been condemned to them instead of to the Leith gibbet, where his tarred corpse at last swung as a warning. They, more than anything in this fascinating corner of the land, may be relied upon to bring to the surface the latent Celt in the modern Galwegian.

C. Edcardes.

AMELIA AND THE DOCTOR.

CHAPTER XXI.

WILLIAM WHITE FULLY JUSTIFIES THE DOCTOR'S OPINION OF HIM.

Next to January 13, 189—, I think that May 16, 189—, was certainly the most exciting date in the history of Barton. The former, it may be remembered, was the date of the burglary at Miss Carey's house. On the latter we heard the astonishing news

that "Miss Carey's burglar," as we always called the unknown villain, had been arrested. At first the bare fact was all that was told to us, and we were left with unlimited room for speculation about the manner of the arrest and the sort of person that the burglar would prove to be. Then we heard a little more: that the man had been brought to justice by the discovery in his room in a lodging in Lon-

don of part of the property taken from Miss Carey's house on that dreadful night. And then we heard the most astounding fact of all—the name and identity of the man. It was William White, the little man who had lodged at Mrs. Copman's in the village, the man to whom Miss Carey had been so kind, and who had seemed so grateful to her for her care of his daughter on her deathbed. In fact it was the William White whom we all knew quite well, and whom, from the first, Dr. Charlton always had declared to be something very like what it seemed as if he was now about to prove. We always had had a very high opinion of the doctor's judgment, but now that he was shown so singularly right in this it seemed as if his acumen was almost supernatural.

Poor Miss Carey was very much shocked by the news. She was agitated, in the first place, by hearing of the arrest of the thief; but when she learned who he was supposed to be, she was quite painfully affected. It appeared at first as if she was likely to have to go to Exeter to give evidence in the case, but mercifully she was spared this ordeal, thanks to Dr. Charlton's exertions, who gave a medical certificate to the effect that her heart was not strong enough to withstand safely the emotions of such a scene, and her evidence accordingly was taken on commission, or by affidavit, or whatever is the right legal term. Miss Carey's heart had never been very strong, and it had been considerably affected by the alarms of that dreadful night of January 13th, so that Dr. Charlton was fully justified in giving his certificate, for there can be no doubt that the distressing incidents of the trial would have been very bad for her.

The evidence on which William White had been arrested was most singular. It may be remembered that

when his daughter died she had on her arm an old bangle of curious Indian design belonging to Miss Carey. After his daughter's death William White had returned the bangle to Miss Carey, and thereby gave her occasion to triumph over the doctor for all the nasty things he had said about the probable antecedents of this man, whom he was pleased to regard as Miss Carey's protégé. Miss Carey had been in the habit of wearing the bangle pretty constantly until then, but after that she said that she had a feeling about it, since it had been on the poor girl's arm at the moment of her death, that it had become in a way too sacred for her to wear, and it used to lie in a little cabinet, with other treasures, in the drawing-room. It was of curiously fine design, and, as we were told, had been worked by a famous Indian jeweller in the employ of one of the native Rajahs or great princes. It was in the workmanship that its chief value was supposed to consist, and the sum that we believed Miss Carey could obtain for it if she chose to offer it to the authorities of the British Museum was quite beyond all reasonable credence. This bangle was one of the things that the burglar had taken, and very curiously it happened that this identical bangle was the piece of evidence found in William White's lodgings in consequence of which he was arrested. When Dr. Charlton told Miss Carey of the arrest she said at once that she was quite sure there must be a mistake. Either the police had made some error, or it must be some other William White. Both were such common names that it seemed only probable, considering how many people there were in London, that some such confusion had happened. It was at all events far more easy to believe that a mistake of this kind had arisen than that the man she had befriended, the

man who had always shown himself so grateful, and above all the man who had proved his honesty so conclusively by returning the bangle, should have been the burglar of her valuable property. And when she heard that this very bangle was the piece of lost property identified, then she said that it became even more impossible to believe that William White could be the culprit. "Depend upon it, Richard," she said, "the poor man saw the bangle in some low shop or other at which the thief had disposed of it, and remembered it as the one that his poor girl had worn when she died, and he bought it for the sake of the remembrance and has kept it ever since. It is very cruel indeed that it should have been the means of getting him into trouble."

This was the view of the case to which Miss Carey held persistently until the trial, but when the trial came on and William White, probably, as the doctor said, with an excellent knowledge of the criminal law, pleaded guilty, then even Miss Carey was not able any longer to believe him innocent. The most that she could still say in his favor was that if he really had broken into her house and stolen the things, the fact that he had kept the bangle which had been round the wrist of his daughter when she died was proof that he had a feeling heart and therefore was not altogether bad.

The doctor, however, took quite a different view, and when Miss Carey told him that she was sure the man must have a heart, however badly he might have acted, he replied in his brusque way, "Heart! Amelia! Do you mean to say you think it was sentiment that made him keep your bangle?"

"Surely, Richard," Miss Carey answered, "it must be sentiment, a very natural sentiment. I cannot think what other motive the poor man could

have had for keeping it after letting all the other things go."

"Then I think I can tell you very easily what his motive was," said the doctor. "He knew quite well that the value of that bangle consisted chiefly in the workmanship, which of course would be destroyed if he were to melt it down as he almost certainly did with the other gold things that he took from you. So he kept this, laid away, until such time as he should think that the pawnbroker people had forgotten all about the description of your things. Then he hoped, no doubt, to sell it at something more like its value than he could get for it by melting it down and getting only the value of the bare weight of the gold. That is how I should explain his action, at all events."

Miss Carey sighed and said nothing, and the sigh must have gone to some soft place in the doctor's heart, for he added in a much gentler tone, "I am afraid we have not all your talent, Amelia, for finding out all the best possible motives in a man's action. It is so much more easy for most of us to see the worst."

"I am sure I do not know, Richard," Miss Carey replied. "You are so much cleverer than I am that you are much more likely to be right, but I do not want to have to think worse than I am obliged to of the poor man."

William White was in prison for a month or two between the time of his arrest and the assizes, and in the meantime we had food for a great deal of conjecture. A lawyer came from Exeter to see Miss Carey and take her deposition, as I think they call it. He had interviews also with Dr. Charlton, with Mr. Stiles, the policeman, and with Miss Carey's Phoebe. All these would have to go to Exeter for the trial, and Phoebe, at all events, was immensely excited by the prospect. This was very natural, for she had

never been so far from Barton before, and she became quite a heroine in the eyes of the Barton village people, so much so that the handsome young butcher who had been walking out with her for about a year came to the point, and we were told that they were actually engaged to be married. It seems that very little was really required of the witnesses at the trial, because William White had simplified the case by pleading guilty. A fact that came out at the trial, which shocked us very much, was that he had been convicted thrice before of similar offences. It was terrible to think that we had had a man of this character living among us at Barton, and that so many people had shown him kindness. The judge's sentence was that he should suffer three years' penal servitude, and we were told that had he not pleaded guilty, and the case had been proved against him, the sentence would have been still heavier. Another result of the trial, besides Phœbe's engagement to the butcher, was that the bangle which was produced in Court was returned, shortly after the trial, to Miss Carey. She could not, however, bring herself to wear it again, and it was restored to its old place in the glass-fronted cabinet. Whenever Miss Carey told the story of the burglary, as she was called upon to do as often as any one who had not heard it came amongst us, the bangle was always brought out and shown, less for its own intrinsic beauties, great as they were, than for the interesting part that it had played in the burglary and its *dénouement*.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE BILLET OF A BULLET.

I suppose that there was no town or village in England, no matter how remote, that the echoes of the great war

in South Africa did not come to, and of course they touched us at Barton. Of the village people there were only two families that had a member taking an active part. One was the son of Mrs. Harvey, with whom Colonel Fraser went to lodge after the sale of his house, and the other was one of the twin sons of Mrs. Baker, who did all our washing and lived at the far end of the village, at the last house in Coldharbour Street. It was a pleasantly situated cottage, with a meadow at the back through which ran a little rivulet supplying Mrs. Baker with the water needful for her trade, and in front, facing the street, was a tiny scrap of garden in which Mrs. Baker raised, year after year, never failing, a clump of the beautiful Madonna lilies which were the envy of all gardeners who beheld them, and of Mr. Kingdon particularly. It was not until after nearly two years of continual bribery and cajolery that he induced her to impart to him the secret, or what she believed to be the secret, of her success. Every night she emptied out over the roots of the lilies the tea-leaves which had been stewing all day, in the old brown teapot, and she attributed all her success with the lilies to this liberal nourishment of tea-leaves. Next to the lilies, and in some ways even before them in importance, the most interesting and valued plants in her garden were two fine and symmetrically trimmed box-trees, one on either side of the little bricked path leading from the road to the cottage door. They had been planted by Mrs. Baker's husband—who had died not long afterwards—on the day of the birth of the twins. The right-hand tree, which was the first planted, was called by the name of the older twin, John; the left-hand by the name of the younger, Edward. Both trees and boys had flourished, in spite of the usual babyish ailments, and now the trees stood, round

and trimmed, clipped down to very much the same stature as the boys after whom they were named. When the boys came to the age at which it was right that they should choose a trade or profession, both were anxious to go for soldiers; but their father was dead, they were very good lads, and felt that it would not be right that both should leave their mother to fight the world alone. They resolved, therefore, that they would settle by drawing lots, which of the two should gain the wish that lay at the heart of both, and go to join the colors, and that the other should find something to do at home, so as to be at hand in case the mother had need of him. The lot which they considered the fortunate one fell on John, and he accordingly went for a soldier, leaving Edward to look after their mother.

Mrs. Baker was not at all the kind of person to be dependent on her sons, while she had her health. She was an active, vigorous woman, very capable in the control and direction of the girls who helped her with the washing. She had a donkey and cart in which the washing used to be carried round and left at the houses to which it belonged on the Saturdays, and again on the Mondays the donkey and cart went the rounds to collect the things for the wash. When the twins were boys, one or other of them used to drive the donkey, but now that they were gone out into the world, Mrs. Baker engaged a succession of boys, in the first stages of paid labor after passing their standards. At the time that the war broke out, Jimmy Saunders, the shoemaker's boy, was driving Mrs. Baker's washing-cart.

John had been in one of those regiments that were in South Africa even before the war began, and was stationed for a long while at De Aar helping to guard the depot there. The regiment to which Mrs. Harvey's son

belonged did not go out till a good deal later.

The fact that Mrs. Baker had a son at the war seemed to give all that she said about it a great deal of importance and value. She was very fond of talking, her tongue was never still as she went to work with her girls about the washing, and as those girls distributed themselves, when the day's work was done, into several of the village cottages, they naturally had a great deal to say of what Mrs. Baker had told them. Such comments as this you might often hear in the village: "Oh, 'e be a wicked one, by what Mrs. Baker do say, that old Kruger"—they always pronounced the "g" soft, in the late President Kruger's name, which is, I believe, more nearly in accord with the proper Dutch pronunciation than our usual way. "'E must be a wicked one to 'old out as 'e do against Queen Victoria, bless 'er." And this opinion of Mrs. Baker's took such a firm and general hold in the village that it seemed only the right and proper thing when a figure in the guise, or what was supposed to be so, of President Kruger, was burnt at the village cross on Guy Fawkes' day, instead of the original malefactor after whom the day is named.

I do not think that Mrs. Baker was at all inclined to be a fanciful or sentimental woman—she was too bustling and busy-minded—but considering how the two box-trees had been planted on the occasion of the twins' birth, how each had always been called by the name of one of them, and how they had grown with the boys' growth, perhaps it was only natural that now John had gone to the war the tree that was called after him should receive so much attention in the way of trimming its leaves and feeding its roots that the Madonna lilies seemed likely to go a little lacking in consequence. I do not think that Mrs. Baker herself

ever spoke of any fear of the kind, but one or two of us said what a dreadful thing it would be if John's box-tree were to die. It would scarcely be possible for the mother not to feel that it was something like an omen, if such an untoward event were to happen. We all hoped, however, that neither the plant, nor the young man, called John, would suffer; and our anxiety on the subject sharpened our eyes perhaps to an extent that made them seem to see what was not really there, but a terrible suspicion, which at first we hardly liked to name to each other, began to grow upon us, that the box-tree called John actually was sickening a little. Surely its leaves, always somewhat tinged with yellow, as the habit of the plant is, were looking a little more yellow, a little less green, than they ought to look, than they used to look, and than the leaves of the twin tree just across the bricked path looked. Mrs. Baker still did not say a word on the subject, although she went on with her assiduous attention to the tree as untiringly as ever. We knew that she had heard no ill news from the war; but neither, on the other hand, had she lately heard good news. But that was not at all remarkable, for John's regiment had gone up to the front, and news, except the news of the big doings which the telegraph wires brought, came through slowly. It was really rather unfortunate that the other box-tree was so close at hand for purposes of comparison. The flourishing greenery of Edward on the left made the jaundiced appearance of John on the right the more evident, and at length the difference grew so pronounced that we all felt sure Mrs. Baker must have noticed it, although she said nothing.

At length, however, she did bring herself to speak about it, and when the words came they showed very clearly how much she must have suffered in

silence. The truth seemed that she had been trying all along to shut her eyes to the fact that was really quite evident—that the tree was not doing well. She had not dared to speak of it, because speaking of it would seem like making an admission that it was the case. And she wished particularly to persuade herself that it was not the case. The person whom she chose to confide in and ask counsel of was Miss Carey. "I do know, Miss," the poor woman said, in floods of tears, "as it be foolish in me, and may be wicked in me, to take on about it so, but when I sees that there tree as my poor 'us-band planted, and named for John, and 'as growed up long with John (and John used to tend it when they both was little, same as Edward tended the other), when I sees it go all yellow and fadey and 'im away to the war, I do feel that sure as my John 'll die same as 'is tree's a-going to die. I daresay as it's very wrong of me, Miss, but I can't 'elp it."

Miss Carey was not at all likely to condemn very severely the weakness acknowledged by Mrs. Baker, but did go so far as to tell her that it was only a superstitious fancy, though perhaps a very natural one, that could suppose the fate of the young man and of the tree to be bound up together, so that when one should sicken and die the other should; "for you see, Mrs. Baker," as Miss Carey very wisely remarked, "the box is a very slowly growing tree, and its natural length of life I believe to be some three or four times that of a man. I am not very sure, but I will bring you a book that will show it to you. So you see it is impossible to think that a man and a tree of that kind would naturally die at the same time. For one thing, your box-trees are still going on growing year by year, and so they will continue for many years; but, as you know well, it is

some years since either John or Edward have grown at all."

"Yes, Miss, thank you kindly," Mrs. Baker said, and she was evidently impressed and somewhat comforted by Miss Carey's wise arguments, although she continued to cry softly all the time. When Miss Carey brought her a gardening book, in which the great age to which the box naturally attains was mentioned, she took more courage still, for all the village people had great confidence in anything which they saw stated in print, but still she said, "If only I could 'ave a word from John in Africky, I should be 'appy, or if only I could tell what it was that is the matter with John in the garden. I was thinking as I would call in Dr. Charlton, but I knows as 'e would only laugh."

"I don't think Dr. Charlton would laugh at you, Mrs. Baker," Miss Carey said, "but still I believe I know a better doctor for your box-tree than Dr. Charlton, and that is Mr. Kingdon. He is a great gardener, you know. If you like I will ask him what he advises should be done."

Mrs. Baker was very grateful, and the next day Miss Carey brought Mr. Kingdon to have a look at the tree and give his opinion about its ailment and its cure. Miss Carey had warned him that it would be as well to speak as cheerfully as he could, and his opinion, if it was expressed truthfully, was certainly a comforting one. He told Mrs. Baker that he thought the tree was suffering chiefly from the very excess of kindly meant attention which she had bestowed on it.

"If you will only leave it alone, Mrs. Baker," he said, "and not go digging about the roots and clipping about its shoots so much I think it soon will be all right; and if you like I will send you down a little bone dressing that I think will suit it. Give it that, and then leave it alone, and I think

it will soon get all bright and green again."

Naturally this cheerful verdict comforted Mrs. Baker greatly. She worked in the bone dust, as she had been directed, and within a fortnight or so, either because of this treatment, or because she had ceased to worry it, the little tree began to look much more like itself again. Mrs. Baker was generous enough to ascribe all the improvement to Mr. Kingdon's kindness. "I'll never forget 'im, never," she used to say, referring to Mr. Kingdon. "'E give me a packet of bone manure as saved the life of my John in the garden, for sure it did."

And just about the same time that the tree that Mrs. Baker called her "John in the garden" was showing these happy signs of recovery, she did at length receive a letter not from, but about, her "John in Africa," written by a nurse in hospital to say that he had been very ill of enteric fever, but was convalescent and would shortly be returning home.

The coincidence no doubt was a very singular one. Perhaps it was, in some ways, rather an unfortunate one. "A most pernicious thing," Dr. Charlton was heard to declare in his emphatic way. "If anything was wanted to prove to me how little care Providence has for us, it would be that such a thing as this should be allowed to happen—to confirm every silly old woman in the village in their superstitions. Why, if that box-tree were to die when her John's away from home again it will be enough to frighten her into her grave, and very natural too."

However, the box-tree continued to flourish, and presently Mrs. Baker had a letter written by the very hand of her "John in Africa" announcing that he was on the point of sailing, and within a very few days of the arrival of the letter its writer followed it and re-appeared in the village looking not

a mite the worse for his adventures. We were all rather disappointed to find how little in the way of adventures had fallen to his lot. He was a very modest young man, or he might have been tempted to invent some interesting stories of his own doings, to which we should have been very ready to listen. But though he had stories to tell in plenty of what others had told him, who had been more in the way of the active fighting, it seemed that his part had been the less dangerous but perhaps much more laborious one of guarding lines of communication which had never been attacked. One very interesting piece of news he did tell us—that he had seen Captain Rivers, as he had now become, or rather that Captain Rivers had come to see him, hearing that he was in hospital, during his convalescence. Captain Rivers, unlike himself, had seen something of the fighting, he had even been hit once by a bullet, but the bullet, most providentially, had struck some hard metallic part of his uniform or equipment and lodged there without doing more harm to the wearer than a slight bruise. We all felt much excited to think how narrow an escape “Mr. Jack” as we still called him, had survived. We wondered how the news would affect Lord Riverslade, when he heard it. One who heard it, Vera, showed that it affected her somewhat by a swift change of color from vivid red to white, but she made no comment. Some time later we learned that she had received a further and more close appeal to her emotions arising out of this incident that had been so nearly fatal to Captain Rivers. John Baker, on sick leave, though to all appearances in perfect health, found himself, as may be supposed, with a good deal of spare time on his hands.

He strolled about the village and the lanes in his bright uniform, often smok-

ing a short clay pipe, and may have found the hours rather long. In course of one of his rambles he met Vera walking by herself, and looking round to see that no one was in sight, put his lighted pipe away in his pocket, much to the danger, as Vera thought, of Her Majesty’s uniform, and approaching her in a very mysterious manner, whispered—although no one was within possibility of hearing—“I’ve a message for you, Miss.”

For the moment, Vera said, it did not strike her from whom the message could come, and before she could answer, John Baker went on: “Leastways it baint no message, Miss, for ‘e said as ‘e’d promised as ‘e wouldn’t send no letter and ‘e wouldn’t send no message. But this baint no message nor no letter, Miss, and ‘e asked me to give you this—the bullet as struck ‘im, and ‘ad ought to ‘ave killed ‘im, if so be as it ‘adn’t struck agin ‘is belt buckle or summat,” and therewith John Baker drew from his pocket a flattened bullet with edges all jagged and broken like a decayed mushroom. “‘E said,” he concluded, “as I was to give it, quiet.” John Baker had not judged it necessary to mention the name of the sender, and perhaps he was right, for Vera did not ask him for it, but she took the bullet, no doubt with very mixed feelings at her heart. Anger was certainly the feeling that prompted her first words, for instead of thanking poor John for the care and discretion with which he had fulfilled his commission, she exclaimed: “Do you mean to say he dared to talk to you about it—to discuss me—with you?”

It is very likely that John, in the course of his voyage home and all the ample time he must have had for thinking about the best way of performing the delicate task entrusted to him, may have anticipated some such question as this, for he answered, “Well, you see, Miss—it do look like that—I know

it do. And especially it do look like that over 'ere—it do seem wonderful as 'e should 'ave asked it of a private soldier man, same as I be; but out there 'tis some'ow different. You wouldn't understand it, maybe, but there 'tis more a matter of man to man like, than of gentleman to common man; and there be another thing—that when you never know about to-morrow, whether 'tis to be life or death, then you'm not able to think so much about the little things."

"Little things indeed!" Vera exclaimed indignantly. "I shall not take this bullet. I shall throw it away into the hedge." And she put it into the bosom of her dress and walked away

(To be continued.)

with her head held very high in the air.

She walked away like that about twenty paces. Then she turned and came quickly back to where John Baker was still standing, rather abashed by the reception of his gift, trying to rekindle the tobacco in his pipe. She laid her hand a moment on his arm and said: "John, I am sorry I spoke to you like that. I did not think what I was saying. I am very much obliged to you for bringing me the bullet."

And then she turned away again, and went on, leaving John a great deal happier, but still a little puzzled.

Horace G. Hutchinson.

THE WHITE MAN AND THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

The assertion that we know a great deal which we never at all perfectly apprehend is, of course, a truism. We know, for instance, that the pressure which the atmosphere exerts upon our bodies amounts to a certain number of pounds avoirdupois to the square inch, but we live and move and have our being without in the least realizing that we are constantly sustaining that enormous weight. Similarly, we who live snugly in Great Britain know, without any true appreciation of the fact, that the Empire is to be regarded as a colored man's rather than as a white man's institution. It is white men who bullded it; it is white men who still, for the moment, rule it; but white British subjects are to-day enormously out-numbered by their fellows of swarthier hues, and if the principle of government by majority—the principle upon which the whole theory of our political institutions rests—be sound, then it is not the white men within the Empire who have the right to direct its destinies. We accordingly find ourselves impaled upon the horns of a

dilemma. Either government by majority is not sound as a theory of universal application, in which case the trend of all our administrative work throughout the Empire is in a wrong and mischievous direction, or else the white minority is a band of usurpers that at present wields a power which is the birthright of the colored majority.

The bare fact of the preponderance of the colored over the white inhabitants of the Empire is, of course, a fact well known to every one of us; but I question whether more than a very small percentage of educated Englishmen realize with any approach to accuracy the extreme smallness of the white populations in even the greatest of our Colonies as compared with the millions of brown or black people living under British rule. How many, I wonder, take to heart the fact that, for instance, London and its suburbs contain a million and a half more souls than are to be found in the whole of the Dominion of Canada; that the inhabitants of Lancashire out-number

those of all Australia by a round million; that the populations of New Zealand and of Glasgow are practically equal; or that the white men in all vast South Africa are about as numerous as are the white men in Surrey? Yet these things are true, and Canada, Australia and New Zealand, at any rate, are wont to be regarded as in some sort the strongholds of the white race in Greater Britain. On the other hand, if we turn to the East, we find British India alone with a population of 300,000,000, which is seven times greater than that of the British Isles, while in Africa a single State like Bornu, which not one Englishman in twenty could point out unhesitatingly on the map, carries some 10,000,000 blacks and about a score of Europeans. In Ceylon, in Malaya, in Fiji, in Hongkong, in South Africa, in Central Africa, in West Africa, in the West Indies—in every one of these the white inhabitants are hopelessly outnumbered by the brown, yellow, black, or colored populations. That, then, is the first and salient fact which it is necessary to appreciate, not only to *know*, but to apprehend and to realize. In the greatest white Empire that the world has ever seen the white folk form a puny and pitiful minority.

By white men of the present generation—in whose eyes the creation of a *sphere of influence* has become an event as common and almost as inevitable as a telegram from the German Emperor—the conviction that the white race is innately superior to all other branches of the human family is accepted as an axiom so patent as to stand in need of little demonstration. "Increase and multiply and *dominate* the earth!" is the paraphrase of the divine command as white men read it to-day, and our ability to obey the summons is something that few of us so much as stay to question. Discipline, self-control, energy, mechanical

ingenuity, and the strength that is bred of calm, practical brains and of indomitable will are, we are persuaded, upon our side, and for the rest the prestige of the white man must assure us the victory. Wherefore, in the past, the impossible has happened—nay, is happening still—and white men accept it as a thing of course. Matters have always stood thus, we are tempted to think; little bands of white men have always dominated the hordes of a lesser breed, almost literally, "from China to Peru"; it is our high destiny to rule, as it is the less glorious destiny of others to be ruled; it has become in our eyes part of the fixed scheme of things, and as such we regard it with proud self-satisfaction, thanking God, with the Pharisees, that we are not as these Publicans.

Yet this firm belief in the in-born superiority of white men over the men of other races is in reality a growth of comparatively recent development. When Vasco de Gama fought his fierce way round the Cape of Good Hope and threw wide the gates of the East to the intrusions of the West, when Alfonso d'Albuquerque dominated the Indies, and when Magellan circum-navigated the globe, these white men were not fortified by that unshakable conviction in the destiny of their kind, and by that strong faith in its prestige, which to-day make it easy for a young Deputy Assistant Commissioner in British India to exercise unquestioned authority over the people of a wide countryside. To the early invaders of the East a man was a man, let his color be what it might, and rank was rank, let who would claim it. To the adventurers from Spain and Portugal, in whose memories still lingered the tradition of Moorish invasion, the brown man might be, and frequently was, an object of detestation; but contempt was the last feeling that he was likely to arouse. Also, in the sixteenth cen-

tury, the civilizations of Europe and of Asia were far more nearly on a level than they are in our own time, when the introduction of innumerable mechanical contrivances into daily life have made the difference subsisting between them one of kind rather than of degree. Moreover, the humanitarianism of latter-day white men had not as yet been evolved, while the humanitarianism of the East was then very much as it is now, as it has always been; the modern European's passionate love of justice was then but a nascent sentiment; and the susceptibility to pity, that so markedly differentiates the Occidental of the twentieth century from the Oriental, found no place in the breast of the ordinary white adventurer three hundred years ago. Wherefore young Europe and the old East were far more nearly on an actual and moral equality than they have since become, and the white filibuster went forth into Asia, just a man into a world of men, drawing no inspiration or borrowed strength from his belief in the superiority of his race or from his trust in its prestige.

There is evidence, too, in plenty to show how completely absent from the minds of the men of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was the feeling which we to-day call *color-prejudice*. Many white men of our own time, who have learned to know and love the peoples of the East, are commonly held to be superior to this sentiment, and so they doubtless are in the ordinary acceptance of the term. Ask one of them, however, to squat humbly at the feet of an Oriental potentate, or, applying the crucial test, invite him to give his daughter in marriage to an Asiatic, and you will find that the prejudice, so called, is not dead, but sleeping. The white man's pride, which will permit him to kneel in homage to an English King, will not suffer him to pay a like courtesy to an Oriental

monarch, while the bare notion of wedlock between a brown man and a daughter of his race awakes in him passions which, to adopt Robert Louis Stevenson's phrase, would "disgrace Hell." Yet Magellan's chronicler, Pigafetta, tells us that in Borneo the proud rovers of Spain prostrated themselves without protest in the presence of the Sultan of Brunel, and submitted humbly to a distillation of their speech through a succession of interpreters of ascending rank, lest words spoken by persons so mean as themselves should sully the royal ears. Shakespeare, too, and Shakespeare's audiences (which is more to the point) saw nothing shocking or revolting in Desdemona's love for the Moor of Venice, though he is represented as a man of jetty hue, while Portia, even stately, queenly Portia, suffered the tawny Prince of Aragon to try his luck with the caskets, and contented herself with little more than a shudder of natural, feminine disgust at the thought of his "complexion."

No, the conviction of the superiority of the white man over the remainder of mankind is a new growth, bred of experience, and the sentiment called *color-prejudice* is newer still, since the latter was in the first instance the direct and logical outcome of the former article of faith. This sprang into being originally with the marvellous successes that attended the European adventurers in their invasions of the East and in the Spanish conquests of the kingdoms of South America. When paltry handfuls of white men fared so far and wrought so greatly some explanation was necessary to account for the seeming miracle; and since all races went down before them, much as the walls of Jericho fell to the trumpet-blast, it needed no inordinate self-complacency to discern that, where the few prevailed and the unnumbered multitudes were vanquished, something in

the nature of an innate superiority must have its abiding-place with the former.

But, in the beginning, even the men who were themselves sowing seeds destined thereafter to bear such fruits of conviction for their descendants, were by no means disposed to despise the brown man, *quâ* brown man; the proudest grandees of Spain wedded publicly with the daughters of the Mexican nobility and begot children who were honored for their mixed parentage, while the Portuguese in Asia did not scruple to give their daughters in marriage to rich natives who had embraced the Christian faith. It is perhaps natural that this should have been the case since the first European filibusters came from Portugal or from Spain, the only countries of the West in which, for an extended period of their history, the native white populations had been forced to live side by side with a horde of brown invaders—folk who made themselves no less respected than hated, and with whom inter-marriage was by no means uncommon.

Color-prejudice, as we know it to-day—and this feeling was, in the beginning, nothing more or less than an expression of a fierce pride of race—first began to manifest itself strongly when the traders and sea-rovers of Holland and England were wresting the empire of the East from the failing grip of "the Portugals," and were harrying the Dons and their shipping on the Spanish Main. These Northerners found the superiority of the white over the other races a fact proven and established; the past records of *their* countries supplied no tradition of defeat at the hands of a brown enemy; even occasional inter-marriage with dark-skinned peoples had played no part in the evolution of their race; and, above all, the necessity of maintaining the prestige and the dignity of the tiny bands of

white men who in Asia were surrounded by such vast alien multitudes, appealed to these new-comers after a fashion in which it had never presented itself to the Spaniards or the Portuguese. Accordingly, as the outcome alike of a fierce pride of race and of an imperative policy, devotion to the white man's prestige became a cult, and though one law was made for the man and another for the woman, the white race arrogated to itself a position of aloofness and superiority, and the sentiment of color-prejudice came insensibly into existence as a barrier of defence reared against the assaults of all whose skins were not white.

Yet this feeling on the subject of color is, and has always been, to a great extent local.

The toad beneath the harrow knows
Precisely where each tooth-point goes;
The butterfly upon the road,
Preaches contentment to the toad.

Both the butterfly and the toad, the gentleman of England who lives at home at ease, and the white man whose life is spent in close contact with a vast colored population, hold to this conviction of the innate superiority of the white race over all others; but while the former is inclined to regard color-prejudice, as he somewhat scornfully calls it, as a manifestation of mere racial arrogance, the latter has learned to look upon it as a vital necessity for racial self-preservation.

Englishmen who are accustomed to stray no farther afield than Brighton beach are to be esteemed happy, in that they are spared many of the pressing anxieties that beset their less fortunate brethren in the more remote corners of the Empire. When, for instance, some newspaper during the dog-days starts a discussion in its columns on the subject of the Yellow Peril, the question is felt by most of

us to be one of purely academic interest, and the debate upon the alleged danger leaves the British land-owner, the British shop-keeper, and still more the British workman, quite cold and unmoved. The problem is felt to be too remote, too far removed from the lives of Englishmen, to matter very much: the provision of, let us say, an adequate water-supply for London is thought to be of more immediate, and therefore more vital importance. It requires a stronger imagination than is possessed by most Englishmen to grasp the fact that, though the danger of Mongolian invasion does not affect Englishmen in England, such an invasion, conducted on lines of peace, not of war, is a standing menace to the sons of Englishmen in Australia and in the western States of America. Thus when stay-at-home Englishmen deprecate the policy of exclusion applied to free Chinese immigrants—viewing it from the point of vantage of a people inured to the free admittance of undesirable aliens into their own over-crowded land—they are apt to forget that an influx of strangers of what white men call an inferior race is a wholly different matter from the introduction of the poverty-stricken and degenerate of our own kind. In other words, color-prejudice and the sound reasons that lie at the back of that sentiment are persistently ignored.

The fantastic pictures which, from time to time, have been drawn for us of Europe overwhelmed by Asiatic hordes, invincible through sheer force of numbers, need not break our sleep, at any rate for the present: but the peaceful invasion of our labor-markets by men against whom white labor cannot compete with any prospect of success, is a calamity that belongs, not to some remote future, but to the living to-day. More than this, there is every probability that the war in the Far East, which at last has dragged its

weary length to a final conclusion, will be found to be only the prelude to another and a greater war—a war this time, not of armaments, but of trade. The Japanese have proved themselves to be proficient in the utilization of all the mechanical inventions which European ingenuity has devised and which have made European civilization what it is. They have adapted them with marvellous success to the purposes of warfare; there is every reason to believe that they will adapt them with a success no less triumphant to the purposes of manufacture and of commerce. Yet, through all, the character of the people has not changed, and it is from the frugality of the East that Europe has most to fear. The white man, we have become accustomed to claim, is the heir of all the ages and the roof and crown of things; but he is also the most expensive of the various breeds of man. As compared with the rest of mankind, he "takes a watch to steer him, and a week to shorten sail," and the time is drawing near apace when the old, immutable, cruel law of the survival of the fittest is likely to have a new meaning for the race to which that law owes its discovery and formulation. For it may well be questioned whether the white race, albeit we claim for it superiority over all others, is in this sense the fittest to survive, the more so since latter-day morals and modern humanitarianism have imported into the struggle factors that certainly were never contemplated by Nature when she framed her grim and merciless code. Let us examine this view of the question somewhat more closely.

In the natural world the law of survival must be taken to have two meanings, the power of adaptation to environment, and the power to resist and repel successfully all attacks from enemies. In the latter sense the white races have in the past given ample

proof of their ability to survive, as is attested by their conquests of many distant lands and their victories over unnumbered peoples. As regards the power of the white race to adapt itself to an alien environment, however, it must be confessed that no similar success has been achieved. On the contrary, it has been proved beyond dispute that white men, above all others, are woefully vulnerable to climatic influence, and that, even when they can survive for one or two generations in a tropical environment, their descendants are the victims of a swift and steady degeneration that tends to rob them of those very moral and physical qualities which first won for their forbears their foothold in the lands of their adoption. The white man, therefore, can only be regarded as the fittest to survive if his habitat be situated in a temperate climate, and if his survival be made dependent upon an ability to slay and not be slain, rather than upon other qualities such as prolonged endurance, the power of accommodating himself to a low standard of living, and of maintaining himself in good health.

But the age of battle with the rude implements of war is fast passing away from those very lands which the white man's domination has reduced to order, and with its going there also disappears the one immense advantage which, in the past, the white man has shown himself to possess over more primitive peoples,—his ability to conquer in pitched fight in the face of heavy numerical odds. The old, crude, natural warfare, which had for its prize the survival of the stoutest fighter, is giving place to warfare of a more artificial character. What is now needed is not so much the brave heart, the strong right arm, and the energetic brain, as a physique resistant to the assaults of disease in untoward circumstances and capable of nourishing

itself adequately on a low diet, a power to endure the disastrous effects of torrid climates, and an ability to beget and rear one's kind in an environment inimical to health and to the perpetuation of the white man's peculiar qualities of mind, character, and body. Also, in these altered conditions, the high standard of living, which has become a necessity of the existence of even the most indigent of the white race, makes it impossible for the man of European descent to compete on equal terms with the natives of the tropics.

Furthermore, it must be remembered that the law and order which the white men have themselves established are serving immensely to fortify the races which the offspring of white men will at some future date be called upon to engage in economic warfare. By abolishing inter-tribal strife we have put an end to the enormous wastage of savage life which has been proceeding without a check since these tribes first came into contact one with another. By advancing medical science and affording medical aid to the peoples of the tropics, we are further helping the rapid increase of population in lands mainly inhabited by the inferior races, and are delivering them from scourges that of old used to wipe their men out of existence by the thousand. Simultaneously we are exerting ourselves to spread among them an education of a European type, and are doing our best to arm them with weapons of our invention, and to teach them secrets to the discovery of which we owe our own success. Moreover, we are now busily engaged in filling the minds of those whom we have made our subject peoples with beautiful theories as to the equal rights of man, the equality of the races of mankind, the magnificence of representative institutions, and the claims that every community has to govern itself, for itself, after a

manner of its own choosing. All these latter theories, needless to say, are hatched out by the sheltered people who live snugly in the British Isles, who are sublimely ignorant of local conditions, and who once again ignore the existence of color-prejudice and of the imperative reasons which justify that sentiment.

Meanwhile we are disarming ourselves as quickly as we are arming the forces opposed to us, for Nature clearly contemplated that men, like other beasts of the field, should eat or be eaten, and though we may not wish to be devoured, we are far too tender-hearted in our latter-day developments to contemplate for a moment the possibility of devouring on our own account. The old, natural law, therefore, is being suspended in its operation. Might no longer spells Right in our primers, and accordingly we are gradually, but surely, transferring the balance of power from ourselves to men of the lesser breeds, to men moreover who, unless their past history belies them, are little likely to be fettered, when their hour arrives, by the scruples wherewith we ourselves are held.

This transfer of the balance of power, too, is coming about by reason of the very virtues which have made white men a predominant force in many lands, self-discipline, self-control, self-respect. The white man, inspired by a greater prudence, by a greater measure of providence, by a keener appreciation of the acuteness of the struggle for existence, by a deeper concern for the welfare of his posterity, marries nowadays, for the most part, when he can afford to marry, which is often comparatively late in life, and having married he begets children with discretion and in moderate numbers. Not so the men of the more undesirable branches of the human family. These take to themselves wives at a very

early age, reproduce their kind with a startling rapidity, and establish three generations in the world to the white man's two. They have always done this, but in the past disease and savage warfare combined to keep their multitudes within bounds. The white man's sense of right has removed them from the operation of this natural thinning-out process, and sooner or later the force of numbers must surely tell, more especially as a crowded community of these people can live in plenty amid conditions and upon vegetable foods that would not suffice to maintain a dozen men of European descent.

These altered conditions, it must be remembered, have only begun to operate of recent years, and it is probable that the white man will not realize until too late that men of the lower races, who are little affected by climatic conditions, who thrive on food upon which he cannot nourish himself, who multiply far more quickly than men of European extraction, who can undersell him in the labor market and wax fat where he must starve, are like to push him out of existence. When the issue at last becomes acute the white man, if indeed the power of choice be still left to him, will have to choose between one of two alternatives. He will be forced either to throw his humanitarianism to the winds and to engage in a fierce war of extermination—actual warfare being the only department of the great struggle for existence in which he has shown a marked and unquestioned superiority over his opponents—or he will have to make such terms as he may with the inevitable and accept gradual absorption into the colored races as his eventual destiny.

Were the issue one that would ever be likely to present itself to his choice as a plain question of immediate policy (as it did, for instance, on a tiny and almost insignificant scale in the

days of the Indian Mutiny), were there to be some clear parting of the ways at which he might stand an instant taking breath and seeking for a decision with a full appreciation of all that lay before him at the end of the road which he might elect to tread—there can be little doubt but that the white man would discard his scruples and plunge into the battle with all his old, relentless energy. Unfortunately the decision is one which will have to be arrived at, not in a single place, but in a thousand different and widely-scattered localities, not once and for all, but at various times spreading over a protracted period. Should the decision be in favor of battle, it is white men, in easier circumstances and in safer places, who will be the first to cry shame upon those who begin the fight on behalf of the white race. Once again, the inability of the butterfly upon the road to understand the inner meaning of color-prejudice will warp the judgment of the stay-at-home, and will make him bid the toad bear the tooth-points of the harrow with patience and contentment.

It may be urged, perhaps, that this was not the case in 1857; that the Mutiny was put down with fire and with sword, with a ruthless energy and a barbarous vindictiveness which have left between Anglo-Indians and the natives of Hindustan many an open sore that will not quickly heal; and that the sympathy of Englishmen at home was throughout on the side of the men who wreaked that dreadful punishment. This, all this, is true; but since the year 1857 public opinion and many other things in the British Isles and out of them have travelled very far indeed. In 1857 the electric telegraph did not connect Fleet Street with the remotest corners of British India; the war-correspondent was a being of recent creation, and the men who filled such posts under the great

newspapers were fewer in number, were inspired by a greater sense of national responsibility, by a deeper discretion, and by a smaller love of excitement and of scandal-mongering, than are some of their successors of our own time. In those days the half-penny Press and the Yellow Press did not exist; the nation was perhaps less acutely humanitarian, and was certainly less nervously sentimental than it has since become; and responsible statesmen (though they could have shown better cause than was possible on more recent occasions) did not stoop to seek a party triumph by raising an outcry against "methods of barbarism."

Could history repeat itself, which God forbid, can any of us feel confident that a new Mutiny would be repressed as the Mutiny of 1857 was repressed, or that the attempt to exterminate the white race in India would be punished with the severity, aye, and with the ferocity that alone can serve to impress punishment upon the imagination of an Oriental people who do not easily distinguish between moderation and weakness? Can any man amongst us, who has observed the trend of recent public sentiment with a seeing eye, answer those questions in the affirmative? If so, well and good. There still remains some chance that when the hour of conflict dawns, as dawn it surely must sooner or later—in India, in Africa, south, east, west and central, in the United States of America (before any of them it may be), in the West Indian colonies of Great Britain, of France, of Holland,—the white men on the spot will hold their own and will have the sympathy and the support, moral as well as actual, of their own kind in places far removed from the scene of conflict. If an affirmative answer is impossible—and the present writer is bound to confess that this appears to him to be the case,—then absorption of the great white

stock into the lower races would seem to be only a question of time, time long-drawn out, it may be, but time inevitable and sure.

For—and this is the lesson which this paper has been written to inculcate,—color-prejudice is ceasing, nay, has well-nigh ceased, to be what it originally was, a manifestation more or less unreasonable and unjust of blatant pride of race. Instead it must be recognized as an assertion of the instinct of racial self-preservation. The men who have least sympathy with it are precisely those who have not yet felt the pressure of the unnumbered colored populations which threaten the white race with eventual absorption; the men who carry it to its most logical, and, as stay-at-home Englishmen judge, its most bigoted extremes are those upon whom that pressure is already becoming acute. The sentiment is most keen to-day, it is probable, among white men in the United States and in the West Indies, the white men, be it noted, to whom the prospect of seeing their descendants merged into a race of Mulattos presents itself as an imminent and ever increasing probability. It is regarded as a mere prejudice, with hardly any greater justification than is the common lot of prejudices, by the people of Europe, more especially northern Europe whither the tide of Moorish conquest never penetrated. If any man desires to inform himself of the freedom from the sentiment that is to be found among the lower classes in England, for example, let him examine the records of all that happened when our great Indian Army sent picked men from every regiment to camp near London on the occasion of His Majesty's Coronation, or obtain a census of the number of English women who during the last decade have voluntarily accepted colored men for their husbands. Yet, for the British Empire, with its

tiny bands of white men and its huge multitudes of colored races, it is the people at home who determine destiny and its policies, it is they who raise the cries, "India for the Indians!" "Africa for the Africans!" It is they who clamor for the spread of representative institutions, it is they who despise and cry shame upon what they call color-prejudice, and it is they who are surely but certainly handing over men of their own kind, bound hand and foot, into the grip of forces whose very existence they but dimly apprehend.

It is time surely that these truths should be realized, that the British nation should be taught to make up its mind once for all upon a question of tremendous import, and should be invited to have done with mischievous theories or with specious pretences. The alternative is clear. Either the British nation must accept the belief that government by the majority is not a system capable of universal, eventual application, and having accepted it must declare boldly that white men mean to continue to govern in the lands that white men have won; or they must accept the result of their own handiwork and must deliberately prepare for the ultimate evacuation of territories in which they have themselves suspended the operation of Nature's law of the survival of the fittest in its old, crude and brutal interpretation. If the first alternative be chosen (and to reject it means the eventual absorption of the white by the more numerous and more prolific colored races) then we must have done with make-believe, with promises that we do not intend to fulfil, with all attempts to train the subject-peoples for a self-government which we do not mean to confer upon them, and we must support our agents when grim necessity forces them to hold with the sword that which the sword has won.

The issue, perhaps, is not so remote as some of us might fancy, though it is like to present itself in a curiously complex and insidious guise. What action will Great Britain take—Great Britain, who has of late contracted the habit of screaming herself hoarse with cries of "Banzai!"—when public opinion in Japan demands the suspension in Japan's favor of the provisions of the law which excludes all who are not white from the Australian Commonwealth? This law, it must be remembered, is regarded by the Australians as a necessity of the economic existence of their country, and something more solid than British sentiment or British sentimentality will be needed to alter their conviction upon the point.

Here you will have a race that is not white, that is frugal and laborious to an extraordinary degree, that is content with a very low standard of living.

Macmillan's Magazine.

ing, as Australian workmen judge such things, and that has recently proved its fitness to survive even in the open battle, which hitherto has been accounted the white man's peculiar field of victory, claiming to win a foothold in a country which is now the exclusive property of a white race, and to enter upon a competitive struggle which can only spell ruin to the working-classes of these great Colonies. What is to be the decision, what the principles upon which that decision is to be based? To such questions no man as yet may supply the answers, but it is possible that in the course of the controversy which must therefrom arise stay-at-home Britons will at last learn something of the true reason and logic that lie at the back of the sentiment called color-prejudice, upon which it has so long been the custom to expend so much of scorn and of reprobation.

A Looker-on.

SOME MODERN FRENCH LITERATURE.*

We believe that many right-minded people refuse to be interested in current French literature from a fear which, unfortunately, is not always unfounded, that their ideas of right and wrong will be shocked by much which they may there encounter; and others remain ignorant of much which is worthy of note in this literature because there is little in the daily or weekly papers to guide them to what

is best in it. A just idea of some few of the French authors who are at this moment most widely read in France might dissipate the first of these fears, and in the pages which follow an endeavor will be made to point out some works which need not be avoided, and are at the same time of considerable literary merit and interest. But while doing this, we feel that it is difficult to sum up the literary attitude or work

* 1 "Le Disciple." Par Paul Bourget, de l'Académie Française. (Paris: A. Lemerre, 1889.)

2 "La Terre qui Meurt." Par René Bazin, de l'Académie Française. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy.)

3 "L'Enfant à la Balustrade." Par R. Boylesse. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy.)

4 "Ramuntcho." Par Pierre Loti, de l'Académie Française. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy, 1897.)

5 "Le Désastre." Par Paul et Victor Margueritte. (Paris: Plon, Nourrit et Cie, 1897.)

6 "Le Sens de la Vie." Par Edouard Rod. (Paris: Perrin et Cie, 1889.)

7 "Etudes sur la Littérature Française." III^e Série. Par René Doumic. (Paris: Perrin et Cie, 1899.)

8 "Etudes de Littérature Contemporaine." Par G. Pellissier. (Paris: Perrin et Cie, 1898.)

9 "Le Contemporain." III^e et V^e Série. Par Jules Lemaître, de l'Académie Française (Paris: Société Française d'Imprimerie et de Librairie, 1888, 1898.)

10 "Les Idées Morales du Temps Présent." Par Edouard Rod. (Paris: Perrin, 1897.)

[And many other works.]

of any living author, and to say that all he writes will be commendable because what he has already written is so. Montaigne remarked that we can have no certain knowledge, because nothing is immovable, neither things nor intelligences, and the mind and its object are in perpetual motion. Lemaitre applies this remark to our taste in literature: we would apply it to the authors of to-day. While we are deducing one attitude of mind from their books, that attitude may have undergone a change before our words are in print. In 1901 a weekly paper of deservedly high reputation was saying that Lemaitre's radical scepticism on all philosophical questions gave little hope that he would ever be anything else than an absolute unbeliever: very shortly afterwards, in his *Un Nouvel Etat d'Esprit*, he or the friend, who, we must imagine, represents himself, is at Mass, and the sixty pages of the charming little brochure may be taken as a defence of Catholicism and pre-revolutionary ideas. Huysman, too, although just now we hear less of him than we did a few years ago, was, at one time, a perpetual surprise to the literary world to which he finally presented a more astonishing *volte-face* than that of M. Lemaitre. And the same might be said from some points of view of M. Brunetière, whose recent death is a loss to the whole republic of letters. Writers who reveal themselves are apt to be phantasmagoria; all we can do is to gather what we can up to the last published utterance and not prophecy as to the future mental state of living authors.

Perhaps our prejudice (which, however, does not blind us to the serious faults of his work) makes us place M. Paul Bourget, at least in his later manner, at the head of the novelists of to-day. He is perhaps at the present time the most widely read of all French authors, and if all his books could be

classed with *Un Divorce* (1904) and his little volume of *Nouvelles*, *Les Deux Sœurs*, which succeeded it, there would be no discordant note in our praise. The first of these works must have had a profound effect on the minds of M. Bourget's contemporaries. *Les Deux Sœurs*, although slight, is full of pleasant writing, and has all the author's old charm of style; and both volumes are free from unpleasant incidents. But his books have not always been so; *Le Disciple*, on which M. Bourget will perhaps rest his fame, is to our minds a profoundly unpleasant book. A philosopher, amiable, guileless in his own life, discards Christianity, and sets forth his teaching in a work of 500 pages which he entitles *La Psychologie de Dieu*—a work which is best described in M. Bourget's own words:

La thèse de l'auteur consistait à démontrer la production nécessaire de "l'hypothèse-Dieu" par le fonctionnement de quelques lois psychologiques rattachées elles-mêmes à quelques modifications cérébrales d'un ordre tout physique. . . .¹

The disciple is a weak undisciplined young man to whom the theory of the philosopher comes as a welcome excuse for throwing off the restraints of religion, who brings shame on a family from whom he has received only kindness, and who is finally shot by the brother of his victim. M. Bourget has shown the weakness of mere philosophy to control men's lives, and the philosopher himself may almost seem, when in the last pages he sees the agony of the mother over the body of her dead son, to doubt its efficacy or its value.

. . . For the first time, finding his thought powerless to sustain him . . . he humiliated himself, he bent, he sank, before the impenetrable mystery of destiny. •The words of the only

¹ "Le Disciple," p. 14.

prayer which he recalled from his far-away childhood: "Our Father which art in Heaven . . ." came to his heart. Truly he did not pronounce the words. Perhaps he would never pronounce them. But if He existed, this Heavenly Father towards whom small and great turn themselves in hours of agony as towards the only resource, is not this need of prayer the most touching of prayers? And if this Heavenly Father did not exist, should we experience this hunger and thirst for Him in such hours as this? . . . "You would not seek Me if you had not found Me!" At that moment even, and thanks to the clearness of thought which belongs to *savants* in all crises, Adrian Sixte recalled this admirable phrase of Pascal in his *Mystère de Jésus*—and when the mother rose from her knees, she could see that he was weeping!*

The "disciple" wearies us with dreary pages of egoism: there are episodes which do nothing to help forward the movement of the story and which if only hinted at would have brought the work of ruin which the author desired to portray as completely and more artistically before the reader without shocking his better sense. And it is this which turns what might have been a grand lesson, a sermon, as *King Lear* or *Macbeth* are sermons, into a work of a very different kind: a work which seems even to have troubled its author and to have led him to write a preface which might almost be called an apology. "Let neither the pride of life nor the pride of the intelligence make you a cynic or a jungler with ideas! In this time of troubled consciences and contradictory doctrines, attach yourself, as to the tree of salvation, to this word of Christ, 'The tree is known, by its fruits,'"² Those words are assuredly the moral of the book, but "the moral value of a work depends not so much on the precepts which are therein

formulated as on the picture of life which it contains."⁴

And with such a work as *Le Disciple* before us we may well ask ourselves what is the moral value of M. Bourget's work—putting, however, *Un Divorce* on one side, for of the value of that we have no doubt.

"M. Paul Bourget," writes M. Georges Pellissier,⁵ "est un romancier mondain, un romancier psychologique et un romancier moraliste." That he is "romancier mondain" is written large over his works, that he loves to dwell on the psychological aspect of things is also obvious; but is he a moral teacher? The answer, we believe, will be that he has failed in this direction and is himself apparently conscious of it, as when he wrote the preface to the *Disciple*.

It is possible so to describe vice as to make it hateful. We believe that M. Bourget has not done so, and his failure in this respect we ascribe to that trait which some of his critics have called—unjustly, we believe—his "snobisme."

M. Bourget* [says M. Edouard Rod] does not only give an admiring description of the innumerable and pleasing things of which the possession constitutes luxury and of which the use constitutes elegance; he is full of this luxury and this elegance, he lets it pervade the whole being, he is led away by it to the point of forgetting the good in the beautiful, even in the pretty.

M. Rod goes on to say that this taste for elegance and luxury is little reconcilable with the love of virtue.

Virtue, what the modern world, since the coming of Christianity, understands by virtue, is humble, poor, *populaire*. Since Jesus has said it, it is difficult

⁴ G. Pellissier, "Études de Littérature Contemporaine," p. 36.

⁵ "Ibid." p. 101.

⁶ "Les Idées Morales du Temps Présent" (Paris, 1897), p. 113.

² "Le Disciple," p. 359.

³ "Ibid." preface, p. x.

for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven, and this is the meaning: how can you give to your soul the care which it needs if you consecrate all your time to toys, lace, or even pencil cases of gold with a pearl at one end, or to the orchids which will decorate your table most expensively?

This is the serious view of M. Bourget's "snobisme." A lighter one, but arriving at the same result, is found in M. Ernest Charles' *La Littérature Française d'Aujourd'hui*. He was, he says, led away by M. Bourget's pictures of the world "so lovingly painted," fascinated by "its charms, its elegances, its carefully catalogued perfumes."

We think there is much truth in both these criticisms. Vice refined becomes less hideous than vice in a poor street; take away the squalor and the poverty, and to some minds the disgust for wrongdoing will disappear with it. To teach the young to be in love with "elegance" is not to equip them for the battle of life; and, as we have already said, at times M. Bourget seems to fear that his influence may not have been for the best, and wistfully perhaps he writes such a preface as that to which we have referred. But, as a writer in one of our contemporaries has said,

did he not remember that malady and not health is contagious? that warnings pass unheeded, and states of the mind fully described are states of the mind which—as he found in his own person—the younger generation assimilates or seeks to assimilate? Or must the artist be profoundly immoral, as Renan said; careless of morality, like nature itself, so long as he is the artist only? In his last works, still the artist and still the critic of life, seeking to be all warning and guidance, M. Bourget employs his brains in the service of his heart. . . . He has joined MM. de Vogtle, Brunetière and Faguet in advocating the study of pre-revolutionary conditions of society and forms of

moral feeling and their approximate revival in the interests of solidarity.⁷

It appears to us that M. Bourget's love of the beautiful in the things which are seen in art, in nature, even in dress and ornaments, obscures the beauty of the unseen; and yet even as we write it we do not forget the beautiful soul of such a woman as Mme. Liebaut, or of such a man as her rugged husband. But the tendency is there, and we believe it is the cause of much which we deplore in M. Bourget's earlier writings. And yet even there it seems as if the lust of the eye, the pride of life, were only dominant, not entirely triumphant. If we are to believe the testimony of his critics, his own life is simple and laborious enough.

We leave M. Bourget with a profound admiration for his strength, with a regret that his very strength, his capability of seeing and of feeling—of seeing the evil, seeing the good, seeing into the complexity of the human mind, its tendency to what is low, capabilities of rising high—that the very abundance of his visual power has made him a looker-on, an artist, rather than a champion of the right, and with the acknowledgment that he has a remarkable capacity for seeing the good and the noble while he yet seems to hesitate to strike the decisive blow. The Catholic party still hope great things of him, but as each new book appears the word which will commit him to their banner seems never spoken. M. Grappe, in a charming little monograph, says, very truly,

With all his heroes the "Our Father which art in Heaven" has come to the heart but never passed the lips; now M. Bourget is considering the advisability of making them repeat the words. For all the ferment of anarchy for which no remedy has been

⁷ "Quarterly Review," October 1905.

found, he has discovered one to-day: the same as Joseph de Maistre, M. de Bonald, Balzac, and Le Play had proclaimed before him—it is the old decalogue of Sinai.⁹

IN marked contrast to M. Bourget, one who has been nursed in pre-revolutionary ethics, one whose views of life are as simple and old-fashioned as those in a novel of Hannah More, and yet of such power to charm that his latest book is on every bookstall in France, where he is widely read and justly admired—this strange combination is M. René Bazin, now a member of the Académie Française. No one need fear to recommend or to read any work which bears M. Bazin's name on the title-page, and Mr. Edmund Gosse has borne delightful testimony to his almost feminine purity of tone. His greatest work is undoubtedly *La Terre qui Muert*, which treats of the cry of the land, pressing in France as in England; but his latest, *L'Isolée*, is taken up with the burning question of the "Congregations," and is one of those abrupt contrasts to what might appear to be the popular feeling in which France delights. It reveals a world unknown to most men, the world of the religious in the cloister, reveals it with a sweetness and a tenderness which are far removed from the almost fierce intensity of M. Huysman's studies in the like direction. But to most readers the charm of M. Bazin's writings will be found in his keen realization of the spirit of the place. His own childhood was spent in the provinces and "la douceur angevine," the sweetness of the spacious country, was there imbibed in those sweet young days and became part of his being; the flowers, the birds, the country sounds, the falling rain, the large blue skies of France, these were his earlier inspirations, and to them he has never been

unfaithful. "We others, children of the towns, have we ever had a childhood?" asks one of M. Bazin's critics in contemplating that youth spent in the country amid the eternal youth of nature.

It is characteristic, too, of this child of the provinces, who, says the same critic, is never met upon the boulevards, that in the work before us he dwells on the little corner of France from which each of his characters comes, and in each character we see the spirit of their native country reflected. The book is, apart from this charm, a sad one. In the words of Zola it is a human cry: it teaches the bitter science of life too truly to be all sunshine. But here, and in all his works, M. Bazin escapes the fault of the realists. He still believes in goodness, and, although the book is not one "pour les jeunes filles," it is yet full of that sweetness and of a horror of all that is base and ignoble which is characteristic of the writer. The lover of real literature will have no need to throw *L'Isolée*, still less *La Terre qui Muert* or the charming *La Sarcelle Bleue* on one side as deficient in that which makes for good and lasting work. They are instinct with strength as well as charm.

"We love him," says M. Donnée in a review of M. Bazin in *Etudes sur la Littérature Française*—a book to which the critic of modern French literature owes much, and from which we have already quoted—"because there is in his works a delicacy of soul and elevated sentiments, and the courage which remains upright and pure, while at the same time he is far-seeing and truthful."¹⁰ His work, says the same critic, "is for some writers an example, and, for a portion of the public, a lesson."¹¹

⁹ Georges Grappe. "Paul Bourget," (Paris: Sansot, 1904), p. 27.

¹⁰ "Etudes sur la Littérature Française," p. 172.

¹¹ "Etudes sur la Littérature Française," p. 170.

¹¹ "Ibid." p. 192.

If all M. René Boylesve's works were on a level with *L'Enfant à la Balustrade*, we might recommend them without scruple to *les jeunes filles*. And this is said with no idea uncomplimentary to the book, which, if at first sight it appears trivial, has yet very much of charm. To our minds it is a very just picture of French provincial life, the life lived behind those green doors, those high walls over which the wisteria blossoms droop into the street and make a little line of faint lilac along the dusty pathway where they fall. That life is no doubt a little aimless, and if the book is, as we have said, trivial, it is so because that life is trivial, and M. Boylesve has represented it truly and at the same time tenderly, regarding it rather with pity than with the indignation which to some minds it merits. To us it is even a beautiful book and represents the attempts of a young soul, nursed up in these trivialities, to escape from them in dreams.

But while the careless indifference to all but outward forms, and even the open opposition to the Church, excites no comment in the author, the character of the curé is a really beautiful one, and ranks with Ferdinand Fabre's Abbé Célestin. He "makes his hash as every one else does, with a saucepan and little onions," says Mme. Fantin, "but when it is finished, then he hangs up his utensils among the stars."¹² Marguerite asks to gather one of the roses in his neglected little garden. "All the flowers are God's, my dear child, he says, "and only His permission to gather them is needed."¹³ In malice and unkindness, even when directed against himself, he refuses to believe; they are not bad qualities in the perpetrators of them, but God's methods of trying his servants, of which men are the instruments.

¹² "L'Enfant à la Balustrade," p. 92.

¹³ "Ibid," p. 91.

And, if the book is taken up with trivialities, and if the plot is trivial, it is yet often striking, as in the description of the sundial with its motto "Laedunt omnes, ultima necat." The boy feels as he looks at it that something goes on there which does not belong to his workaday world. "In some mysterious way this tablet of stone had been in communion with heaven, and from that communion had come a sad and mighty truth which had taken form and imprint there"¹⁴—in that motto.

But it is only when sketching these simple and characteristic scenes of provincial life that M. Boylesve is at his best. *Le Bel Avenir* and some of his earlier works have none of the charm of *L'Enfant à la Balustrade*. The pity is infinite that he who can write so delightfully should stoop below his best.

In marked contrast to these two authors who write at their best of their own little corner of the earth, of sweet Anjou or of the spacious Poitiers country, is Pierre Loti, the citizen of the world.

M. Lemaitre, who has always an extraordinary grip of the soul of the writer whom he is considering, says in his *Les Contemporains* that he has been reading Loti's six volumes—he writes in 1888, and these volumes range from *Aziyade* to *Pêcheur d'Islande*, including therefore works of Loti's first and second manner—and he is troubled by them. They are not, he says, great dramas nor subtle analyses of character, and yet they possess and oppress him more than a drama of Shakespeare, a tragedy of Racine or a novel of Balzac. "Have they, then, a spell in them, witchcraft, a charm which we cannot explain or which is explained by something else than literary merit."¹⁵

We believe the secret of this charm

¹⁴ "L'Enfant à la Balustrade," p. 6.

¹⁵ "Les Contemporains," 3rd series, p. 92.

is not far to find, and it is a charm potent even to those who, like ourselves, lament the sad blots in the author's earlier works. The history of those works is best read with the author's own life.

His childhood was passed in the pleasant Department of Saintonge, washed by the western sea. He is a quiet, silent boy in a strict Protestant household, and has leanings towards a pastor's life in that colorless community. By thirty he has left all such aspirations behind him. He is a sailor, as all his fathers were; he has "grillé sa peau à tous les vents, à tous les soleils, et rôti par tous les bouts le balai de la vie."

His first books are for the most part recollections of a wild, roving life. His characters are wild sailors, hardly wilder natives; his feminine characters little more than beautiful savages, mindless, soulless. "Je pense beaucoup de choses que tu ne puis comprendre," he says to one of them.

Of these first volumes M. Doumic has said, very truly, "Stripped of all borrowed charm, these wholly sensual idylls are only vulgar and unpleasant stories; stories of unions without love, followed by neglect; the actual reality itself in its repugnant banality."¹⁶ But while deeply deploring these defects, it would be untrue to say that even these earlier books are deficient in the power of painting which is the author's chief claim to charm; his descriptions are instinct with color and life; he creates around his readers the country he describes. It is a thousand pities that he did not follow the good angel of his genius from the first, and that he combined a grasp of this beautiful earth with a frank paganism and a Rousseau-like sentimentality, which has in it nothing of charm. "Il n'y a pas de Dieu," he wrote in these earlier days. "il n'y a pas de morale; rien n'existe

¹⁶ "Écrivains d'Aujourd'hui," p. 111.

de tout ce qu'on nous a enseigné à respecter; il y a une vie qui passe, à laquelle il est logique de demander le plus de jouissance possible en attendant l'épouvante finale qui est la mort. . . ."

He writes, then, because he feels that everything slips from his grasp, and he wishes to imprison these hours of joy, the scenes of beauty, "to war against the fragility of things of his own being," "pour essayer de prolonger au delà de ma propre durée tout ce que j'ai été; tout ce que j'ai pleuré, tout ce que j'ai aimé. . . ." Such a desire in a man who has seen much and possesses the gift of words, simple but the best, gives his books an undoubted force. They are not mere bookmaking, but are instinct with the man's own soul, and here we believe is the charm of which M. Lemaitre speaks, a charm entirely apart from that of mere literature, the charm of individuality.

In these earlier books sensuality is mingled with something higher, pity and sympathy meet in the same soul. But in *Mon Frère Yves* and the *Pêcheur d'Islande* there is a distinct rise in the moral tone. They are not exotic studies of wild natures. The familiar skies of Brittany, its storm-swept coast, the poor and the humble, the brotherhood of suffering, are here, and over all the gray hue of the tears of humanity.

And, *Ramuntcho* rises still higher. It is, as M. Doumic has said, almost religious; it is certainly grand. The scene is laid in that enchanting borderland of France and Spain where the language spoken is alien to the tongue around it and rejected of both countries alike, where the people are of an old, old race, a race to which Spaniards and French are but as mushrooms.

The shadow of the centuries [says M. Doumic] is on that land. The

¹⁷ Quoted on p. 95 of Lemaitre's "Les Contemporains," Series 3. "Pierre Loti."

spirit of ancient days inhabits it, invisible and hidden in the hours when our attention is duped and distracted by multiplicity of sights, but present always, ceaselessly busy, keeping the inhabitants one, leading the infants to work as their fathers have worked on the sides of the same mountain, on the same villages, and around the same bell-fries."

The spirit of other ages indeed plays over the book as over the district. Ramuntcho and his friend in all their young strength stand conquered by the strength of the past. Graciense remains safe in her convent because before "the peace of that cloister, before the whiteness and quietude of that life, they feel themselves vanquished." The spirit of the past has enshrined itself in those convent walls.

Now before the peace of the cloister, before the whiteness and all the solemn calm, they feel their courage fall little by little. Both are unbelievers: and yet these symbols empty of all significance have kept enough of might to put them to flight. What good, then, to fight? Why try to set oneself free and employ our powers in useless revolts? Let us try to submit ourselves, to resign ourselves. Keep the traditions of our fathers, which join us to the men of past days as to those of the future. Behind venerable and consecrated formulas are hidden perhaps all that we can know of unknowable truths. To do the same things which our ancestors have done through countless ages, to say blindly the same words of faith, is supreme wisdom, supreme strength."

This thought, new in Loti's works, alien to his childhood's faith, alien to the spirit of the age, might seem to be inherent in the air of France itself: something stronger than early impressions, stronger than the experience of life, has laid its hand upon him and,

unconsciously perhaps, he is taken captive; the spirit of place arising from the very clods.

The touching and not unromantic history of the family of Margueritte, to which the two brother novelists Paul and Victor Margueritte belong, is told in M. Pilon's little monograph, which bears their name and is published in *Les Célébrités d'Aujourd'hui*, a series of very useful and inexpensive guides to current French literature.

While the brothers have written much which will be forgotten, and while their views on some social questions will always make them unpopular with orthodox French thought, their volume *Le Désastre* ranks deservedly very high among the works of the past ten years. It deals with the Franco-Prussian War, and in that war they had an hereditary interest. The French are of all people most alive to "les parfums du passé," to the shadowy influences of childish days; and very few French authors who have made their mark in literature quite escape from these influences. MM. Paul and Victor Margueritte certainly do not, and with them the bias is an eminently noble one. We learn from M. Pilon's monograph that their father was a general in the French army, and that he was born in the little village of Manheulles, between Verdun and Metz. But he had made his home in Algeria, where his sons passed their childhood among its luxuriant vegetation, its mysterious sandy wastes, in the little Arab town with "its scent of oranges, its narrow Arabian streets where the sound of flutes and the incense of burning cedar-dust filter over the walls,"²⁰ described with all a Frenchman's not unworthy sentiment in *Le Jardin du Passé*. General Margueritte fell a victim with many another brave man in the "fantastique charge du calvaire d'Illy, qui fut le seul éclat de gloire sur la boue de Se-

¹⁸ "Études sur la Littérature Française," p. 162.

¹⁹ "Études sur la Littérature Française," p. 165.

²⁰ "Le Jardin du Passé."

dan."²¹ His death was as splendidly heroic as any imaginary episode in a novel; it was not surprising, then, that his sons, although Paul was only ten, Victor only six at the time of their father's death, should have felt compelled to write the history, in after years, of that most disastrous war.

We venture to say that *Le Désastre* is a great book. It is written with self-restraint, with good taste. Its moral conceptions are lofty. The authors seem to have had ever before their minds a consideration of the ethics of war, its effect upon the mind and on the conduct. Their calmness, too, is admirable, but it never leads to dullness. There are no hysterical outbursts, but there is never any want of deep and proper feeling—feeling for their country's failings and misfortunes; feeling for the many hearts broken by war, the many dead who are found on no battlefields, in no hospitals, for the many unknown heroes who are shovelled into nameless graves; feeling, perhaps rare in their nation, for the heroism of the horses, that heroism which has no thought of glory, none of reward.

To have kept a just balance of mind when every heartstring of the writers must have vibrated to the wrongs and misfortunes of the French forces, to have looked at all the side issues, and been just even to the enemy without, and to the authors of misfortunes within, their own camp, is almost unknown in history or in politics. But the brothers Marguerite have shown themselves eminently fair and just and far-seeing. Even for their leaders they have pity: the "prestige du malheur" is seen at its full value. For Bazaine, that strange, enigmatical figure, there is "indignation tempered by wonder." And is not one great factor in the ill success of the French arms summed up

²¹ E. Pilon, "Paul et Victor Marguerite" (Paris: Sansot, 1903), p. 11.

in a sentence which might well become a proverb: "Combien d'hommes de qui la médiocrité a été le véritable crime?"²²

M. Doumic in his *Etudes sur la Littérature Française* has summed up the strength of the book in better words than we can find, and they are, too, the words of a Frenchman who has felt the whole as we in England cannot perhaps hope to do.

The authors of *Le Désastre* [he writes] have told all, the errors, the faults, the levity, the want of foresight, the hesitations, the delays, the lost time, the want of co-operation, the contradictory orders, the infatuations, the rivalries, the misunderstandings of the authorities. They have told the miseries, the disgrace: the town surrendered when it might have still been held, the army of 170,000 men given up when it could have opened a passage for itself, the abandonment of stores which might be used against ourselves, the colors and the eagles, of which a list was made in order that the evidence of our disgrace might be complete; the train which carried the officers stopped while a troop of their own men were defiled past it on their way to captivity, and forced to take up a position before the road of triumph, which was made to the quarters of the Prussian army by overshadowing tricolors. *Ils nous ont fait gravir tout le calvaire.*²³

But they have never once, while being thus splendidly truthful, forgotten that they were Frenchmen. The pen which wrote these things "has trembled in their hands." They must be just: they yet could not cease to feel all that must be felt in such a page of their history. And they have never lost heart. "The book which yet can comfort us is a long recital of miseries—this book from which we go forth more confident," says M. Doumic, "in the vitality of our country, only recounts hours of bitter distress."

²² "Etudes sur la Littérature Française," p. 296.

²³ "Ibid." p. 294.

And to readers of this Review it will not be uninteresting to note the respectful attitude of the book towards Christianity. Du Breuil seeks for a priest to perform the last offices for his friend: at the funeral service, he, with many another, finds himself moved once more by the incomparable splendor of Catholic ritual. "The same emotion of remembrance softened many of the rude military faces around him. They dreamt, in this return to their own hearts, of the many varying events which religion makes its own, in life, in death."²¹

And perhaps we shall congratulate ourselves, French literature being what it is, that there is so little of what we generally call romance in this book. M. Doumic indeed finds that little too much. Where war is the drama, history the romance, he finds the little episode of the opal ring and the sweet, ple figure of Anine out of place. But here, too, the authors have been self-restrained.

Le Désastre is the finest of the brothers' collaborated works. The two succeeding volumes of the trilogy, *Les Braves Gens* and *La Commune*, do not equal it in force, and the subject is even more painful, as the title of the latter shows.

M. Paul Margueritte commenced his work as an author without his brother's help, but when ill and unable for a time to continue his contributions to current literature alone, his younger brother, a lieutenant of dragoons, came to his aid, and hence the work "pensée par les deux." But before this happy collaboration took place, M. Paul Margueritte had written at least one book which we venture to think ranks high in spite of some faults. "*Jours d'Épreuves*," says M. Jules Lemaitre in *Les Contemporains*, "is sane, is true; it is sad, it is strengthening."²² It is the

story of a young couple taught by poverty, and rising higher under its discipline instead of sinking to lower depths; and although the book is not all we could wish, its lessons are yet salutary, its moral tendency high.

M. Edouard Rod was, we believe, brought up in Switzerland, and much of the austerity of the Protestant cantons shows itself in his somewhat cold manner and perhaps in his melancholy. But he has little love for the doctrines of Protestantism, that

rationalizing religion, compromise between dogma and common sense, of which the dialectic and exegesis are lamentably poor, of which the icy worship is only one endless discourse—a string of halting metaphors—of a structure so feeble that a child could break it, recited in a melancholy voice with false action and whining intonation—this religion which cavils instead of loving, and parcels itself out into rancorous sects around texts of the Apocalypse.²³

But, as we note this, we must not forget M. Rod's exquisite portrait of the Protestant "Mademoiselle," old, poor, who turns the yellow leaves of her brown Bible, while her fingers open upon "radiant passages"; who in "her lonely silences when saddest recollections might fill her memory with tears," hears the celestial voice murmuring the invitation, "Come unto Me"; and "the splendid Hereafter which shines in the Divine words. would it not make her forget through all eternity the evils which attend upon this short life?"²⁴

But even here he cannot refrain from the jarring note. He goes to his old friend's funeral, and the pastor who, with raised hands and closed eyes, and a lachrymose voice, repeats the funeral oration, repels him afresh. "Ces gens-là," he says, "ont le talent de dire ce

²¹ "*Le Désastre*, p. 426.

²² "*Les Contemporains*, 5th series, 1898, p. 30.

²³ "*Le Sens de la Vie*," p. 273.

²⁴ "*Ibid.*," p. 186.

qu'il ne faut pas, et si les libre-penseurs vous dégoûtèrent de la libre-pensée, les croyants rendent impossible la foi. . . ."

But for the Mass at St. Sulpice he has only respectful words:

This service is really a fine sight, which impresses not only by the magnificence of the scene and the pomp of the ceremony, but by the world of ideas by which you are there assailed, by that glimpse of the infinite which is suddenly revealed to you. The candles, the incense, the loud sound of the organ, the chanting of the choir and the intonation of the priest arouse within your soul a trouble which further increases the contagious faith with which the kneeling crowd inspires you.²⁸

The passage which follows is perhaps long to quote, but we venture to do so, both as an example of M. Rod's very dignified and chastened style, and as showing the remarkable fascination which the Church exercises over the cultivated Frenchman, whether *libre-penseur* or Catholic. Standing under the shadow of St. Sulpice and listening to the service,

it seems to me that, instead of oscillating as if struck by contrary winds, I found myself on a fixed point in the shelter of solid certainty. . . . Around goes the world with its chimeras, its whims, its tempests; the might of kingdoms moulders like ancient walls, the fashion of society changes, great men disappear in oblivion or revolutions overthrow their statues, violence disfigures the work of violence in an unceasing succession of downfall and resurrection: only the Church remains erect, unmoved—fixed by the will of men or of God—what does it matter?—triumphing at last over all its enemies, extending unceasingly the confines of its realm, absorbing early or late in her vast heart the boldest rebellions. . . . She is the centre of a whirlwind, is immovable, while atoms dance

²⁸ "Le Sens de la Vie," p. 305.

around her, and it is enough to enter for one instant into her circle of action to escape the cyclone which dances and breaks, and destroys around.

She is immovable while everything passes by: that is the truth which the solemn voice of the organ proclaims, it is the truth inscribed in letters of fire on the tapers glittering in the darkness. I know it, and I hear, nevertheless, growling outside, the dull murmur of world which is going to take me captive again; I sport with increased sensibility with this momentary faith—the halt of a Wandering Jew, or the respite of a condemned prisoner. Oh, I would lose myself in the meaning of the prayers, I would stammer the same words as these, which are rising from all these lips. . . ."

Neither here nor in any part of the book does he show any disrespect to the religion of the Church: "Je trouve que je n'ai plus aucun colère contre la religion—bien au contraire,"²⁹ says the hero—is it M. Rod himself?—in *Le Sens de la Vie*. His picture of the "pauvre vieille femme" "en coiffe noir, en tablier bleu" in the Pantheon, where "on en chassait Dieu pour faire place à Victor Hugo," where "le doux Christ de l'Imitation fuyait devant l'homme des Châtiments, la bonne sainte Vierge de tant d'affectueux miracles devant les Marion Delorme et les Lucrèce Borgia." It was the day of the *désaffectation*, and in a corner where an altar remained yet for a moment the old woman knelt "fidèle au Dieu qu'ils chassaient."

She had brought two candles which a cruel breath would extinguish before they were half consumed. Of what grief had she come to lay down the burden there? And when the last altar should have fallen, which of these political quacks would supply her with a means of comfort in her anguish? . . . Then I understood, she was right in spite of all: an instant the flickering

²⁹ "Ibid." p. 306.

³⁰ "Ibid." p. 113.

light of her two tapers appeared to one as the sunshine of truth, and in passing before the altar I bent the knee and made the sign of the cross.³¹

We have throughout been quoting from M. Rod's most remarkable, and (to our minds) most beautiful book, *Le Sens de la Vie*. Of plot there may be said to be none. A married couple, an engaging little child, "Bebette"—who falls ill and recovers—this is the whole story. But M. Rod belongs to the new school, that school which was a reaction from realism. It concerns itself not with outside things; action and event are of little moment save as food for thought and as the cause of feeling. The outside world, too, is so little to the hero of the book—again, we say the hero or M. Rod himself, for perhaps the two are interchangeable terms—as he shows when he takes a walk in the Alps, and hardly knows whether he sees the sky, the torrents, the waterfalls; he "disdains their reality to contemplate their reflections in his own heart." And in his first pages he throws down his gauntlet and proclaims the spirit of his book.

"What a fatiguing thing is the genius of man!" he writes from Italy. "After two months passed among the 'chefs-d'œuvre,' we found at last that the most sublime among them was not worth the most humble thought which springs up in our brains, the lightest feeling which makes our own hearts palpitate for a moment."³²

Here is the dominant idea of the book, and if this count of the beatings of one man's heart leaves—as it must leave—a feeling of undue egoism in the mind of the reader, it is not the less a human document. And M. Rod is never wearisome. He says many things we would rather not have said, and dwells on many events which it

would be better to pass over in silence, but he never shocks by his methods of telling the disagreeable.

We need to remember that *Le Sens de la Vie* is one man's outlook on life: it is not life. Or rather life is what we make it; and as we read, we—Englishmen—remember another outlook on life: that of a man tossed by many waves of storm and often borne down by hereditary depression, by manifold wants and distresses, but who stood up bravely to meet the inevitable, and could find happiness in little things, in fireside delights, when the "black dog," of which he writes so feelingly, had departed for a season. We remember Johnson, his gloom and his brave words, and Boswell will be taken down from shelves in moments of depression while *Le Sens de la Vie* will be unopened.

And as one of M. Rod's critics remarks, the whole of this most melancholy book tells only of happy events, the moral whereof to the Christian will be that worldly happiness is insufficient without Christian hope to make the crooked straight, the rough places plain; unless a man can

Raise his repining eyes and take true measure
Of his eternal treasure,

life must be the hideous mistake which M. Rod has depicted it—with dignity indeed, and with no unseemly railing—in his book.

We have pointed out in these pages some writers of distinction, and have named what we believe to be their finest works. It may be well before we close to look back upon these and ask ourselves what are the tendencies of the new school in French literature, that school which has supplanted the realistic school. M. René Doumic has summed up these writers of the last decade as an unquiet generation, men

³¹ *Le Sens de la Vie*, p. 116.

³² *Ibid.*, p. 1.

who wish to create an ideal and cannot find one—a very intelligent but a very inartistic generation.

The ideal for which they were looking was, no doubt, Christianity, which possesses always a fascination for them, of which they speak with respect, to which they come back again and again with a persistence which might well carry to their own hearts the conviction that here is what they seek; but its mysteries can only be rightly judged from within, and they remain without. That they are, too, intelligently alive to all influences of literature and art and life, is true: but M. Doumic's negative proposition—that they are inartistic—we venture to doubt.

Of all literary writers surely the French are the most artistic. They can describe trifles so as to surround them with grace; their books are well proportioned, well put together, they have that nameless charm which is the highest art, and when they avoid the undesirable they are certainly now, as they have ever done, contributing some of the most delightful works to literature that any lover of books can desire. And one other charm these authors possess. They are absolutely individualistic: they have each his own style, his own manner, his own plan for carrying out his plot. This individuality is surely a sign of strength, it is certainly something akin to the old definition of genius. They write what they must in their own manner, and no school can be said to have been formed around this writer or that.

We have taken six authors, and six of their chief works, as representative

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of current French literature. Although all the writers belong to the school—we are now using this word in a wider sense than that in which we used it above—which succeeded that of naturalism, the books we have named are of very various types. MM. Margueritte's *Le Désastre* is an historical novel; and a finer one, one which reflects more credit on the mind of its authors, was probably never written. In M. Boylesve's *L'Enfant à la Balustrade* we believe we saw a promise of a second *Cranford*, which promise unhappily has not been realized in the author's later work. M. Paul Bourget's *Un Dîcorce* and M. René Bazin's *La Terre qui Meurt*, both elucidate or endeavor to elucidate or to state, problems of the hour, and, in their different manners—the strong and the graceful—are admirable examples of what such novels should be. Pierre Loti's *Pêcheur d'Islande* strikes a different note: Loti is the writer of romance pure and simple, and at his best is full of charm. In M. Edouard Rod's *Le Sens de la Vie* we have problems of the mind rather than those of practical import, stated but not solved. In all these different departures the various authors are far above the average: and the impression left on the mind after a study of contemporary French romance is that it is of a very high order of merit, and that if the French novelist could learn to avoid the unfortunate habit of introducing *tacenda* into his books there would be many to add to the list we have given, many which would rank deservedly high, not only to-day, but in any future history of French literature.

THE WITCH OF ST. QUENET.

I.

A ripe chestnut thrown with a will and striking the bridge of the nose has a distinctly unpleasant effect. The old woman, thus struck, winced and shook her head, while the boy who threw the chestnut uttered yells of ecstatic mirth. A rain of chestnuts fell on her and about her, hopping, as if possessed, on the stony ground. The throwers were safely established on a natural buttress that overhung the roadway, and should their victim try to escape to right or left, they had only to keep even with her along the mountain side.

Brought to bay, she stood close under the bank at the road's farther edge, tall, white-haired, and defiantly silent.

Her tormentors were anything but silent. Ugly words came thick and fast from the dozen of urchins, small sun-browned rascals, active as wild cats, "noble" every one, though their looks conveyed little hint of the fact, and their clothes, mended, darned, shapeless, colorless from the wear and tear of generations and much familiar contact with Mother Earth, none whatever.

"What have you done with your poor old husband?" piped a voice. "What did you put in his soup to make him turn so green?"

"There are no more chestnuts!" lamented another.

"Take a stone, then," suggested a third.

The stone was thrown. It fell short of its aim, but whizzed close before the nose of a horse which had come swinging round a twist of the road. An inclination to shy having been promptly checked by its rider, it stood still. Above the road there reigned a discomfited silence. The rider, looking up, asked coolly, but with extreme

distinctness, "Was it done on purpose?"

"No, vot'e Seigneurie," said a deep harsh voice close beside him; "that stone was meant for a defenceless, helpless old woman. It was the first—I will say that; they have been pelting me with chestnuts, those little good-for-naughts."

"Little cowards!" said M. de Rozède, very disdainfully.

A shrill voice burst out in protest: "Monsieur, she is a sorceress! Monsieur, she is the witch of St. Quenet!"

The young man laughed aloud. "You will never be fit to fight for the King," he pronounced; "you are fit for nothing but to herd swine in the forests. You are as stupid as pigs, and were I a sorceress pigs you should be. Be off! fly! vanish!"

He rose in his stirrups. There was a great scurry among the dead leaves, a crackling and snapping of branches, a scuffling of small quick feet; then all these sounds grew faint and were lost in the forest's silence.

"I humbly thank vot'e Seigneurie for such goodness to a poor old woman."

Nevertheless, however she might phrase them, her thanks were not humble. Also her speech had a certain refinement, and she mixed French words with her patois.

M. de Rozède looked curiously at her. To modern eyes she would have seemed the very incarnation of Autumn. Tired, sorrow-worn, age-worn, she kept a remnant of sombre beauty, even as the blackened skeletons of the forest round about her still haunted a tattered but royal arras, scarlet and orange and gold.

M. de Rozède, as was natural, made other reflections. "Good mother," he said, "the grandfathers of those brats

must have sung you a very different song!"

"Aye, and their fathers too," answered the woman, her face darkening.

"And why, since they dub you sorceress, did not you threaten them with a spell? They would have scuttled off like rabbits."

"Vot'e Seigneurie, how could I permit myself such a jest, now when the King's commissioners sit at Clermont, so that, since the Last Judgment is slow in coming, the Great Days¹ may overtake us in this life?"

"Good mother, you are mistaken. The gentlemen of the Great Days are sent here from Paris for *our* benefit, to discover and punish the crimes of all great folk who oppress the little ones. And it is a singular thing that just now so many of my friends wish to travel—outside Auvergne and the court's jurisdiction—that soon I shall feel like a late-hatched swallow, which the other swallows have left behind."

Mère Jacquard moved nearer to him, and spoke very earnestly. "Monsieur le Vicomte, I ask you pardon,—would not change of air do you good also?"

"You know who I am?"

"You are Claude de Barey, Vicomte de Rozède, Seigneur of Ivay and other places."

"Very well. Am I known to have exacted unjust dues, or usurped the authority and justice of the King? Do I maltreat my dependants, hein?"

"Not so; you have a good heart, and your people love you. Nevertheless the best loved is often the best hated. I take my eggs and vegetables to the town, vot'e Seigneurie, and in the market one hears most things. This time last year the talk was all of you and your marriage, and how, because M. de Précorbin refused you his daughter's

hand, you carried off Mademoiselle de Précorbin from under her parents' nose."

M. de Rozède laughed gally. "From under her father's nose, it is true, but not from under her mother's. Never in this life could I have managed the abduction without my excellent mother-in-law's help and guidance, not to mention her consent! I and my wife are two feather-pates; Madame de Précorbin was the general who planned that *coup de main*, sent her husband off to Riom, ordered the coach, had the young lady ready to the moment, and started with her to visit their old friend Madame de Mirambel. Then, as the old coach lumbered along through the woods, it was suddenly surrounded by resolute rascals, and the most resolute got on the box, and '*fouette cocher!*' in ten minutes we were at the church, and in half an hour we were safely married! A small affair after all, and all the honors of it due to my mother-in-law, who drove home alone and faced her husband. Now, my aunt's abduction was a very different matter, for she was packed off to a convent, to be out of her lover's reach, and my uncle blew a breach in the convent wall, and took her away by force, and with the armed hand. But that was in the good old time. *Peste*, my good mother, it proves you to be a witch that I should stay here chattering in this manner! It will be black night before I am at Aurillac."

He would have ridden on, but the old woman made an entreating gesture.

"One little moment, vot'e Seigneurie! Tell me, is it true that M. de Précorbin never sees his daughter, never speaks to you or her?"

"Yes, yes, my good soul, it is true, and my wife deeply regrets it; but she has the consolation that her mother often visits her, to which old Précorbin makes no objection. He does not dare to, *le pauvre homme!* He never

¹The "Great Days" were special assizes held by order of the King, in provinces where the ordinary powers of justice had been proved insufficient.

even dared to cross-question his wife's version of his daughter's abduction, man of law though he is. I take his part. I tell my wife that if she walks in her mother's steps, woe betide her! And now—out of the way, my friend, and *bon soir!*”

The rapid beat of his horse's hoofs had died to silence before Mère Jacquard stooped and picked up the herbs she had been gathering, muttering, just as a witch should mutter: “That Précorbin! if I know him, he is a viper that hides in the grass till he sees a chance to bury his fangs in your foot!”

II.

A gray, breathless November day, misty, not with the dense damp mist that gathers like cotton wool in every hollow, but with a dark haze just thick enough to veil the higher mountain peaks, and chasten the daylight to a tender sadness rather than to gloom.

The stillness had a bitter chill in it. The market-folk felt it, and so did the lackeys who hung about the outer doors of the grim old building in which the King's Justice held its special Assize—the Great Days of Auvergne. When an old woman came by carrying apples and a can of hot chestnuts, the younger among the lackeys crowded round her. She was a tall old woman, whose profile had a classic regularity, whose head the years had not yet bowed.

She spoke the broadest Auvergnat patois, and the lackeys, being fine gentlemen from Paris, laughed at her, mocked her, mimicked her barbarous jargon, only to find the jest made pointless by her stony incomprehension. They reverted to their usual preoccupation, the gossip of the Assize Court. A tall young man joined the group. They asked him how the trial was going.

“Finished,” he answered, with deliberation. “The sentence has been delivered. As I expected, M. le Vicomte

will lose his head; but, on the other hand, his castles will not be razed to the ground, his woods will not be cut down, his lands will not be confiscated, owing to the Court's consideration for his excellent and truly Roman father-in-law.”

Laughter, and a buzz of interest. The tall lackey became the centre of attention; the old woman and her chestnuts were wholly forgotten.

“He has no luck, that poor Vicomte,” protested one. “I call it hard that he should suffer for doing what so many have done before him.”

“Can one be so ignorant of first elements of justice!” the tall lackey made answer. “Why, it is precisely because so many men have done this thing and done it with insolent impunity, that our great King Louis has determined to make an example which shall raise his authority to its proper place in the eyes of these lawless barbarians. And the droll part of it is that the case has been so hurried on, so promptly disposed of, that the Vicomte, you may be sure, knows nothing about it, and at this moment counts upon a lengthy procedure, and is perhaps just thinking of finding some obliging witnesses; and the first he will hear of the whole affair is from the archers who will presently arrive at Ivay to arrest him.”

The talk was checked suddenly by a movement among the lackeys nearer the door, who divided into rows, bowing low. With presence of mind the tall young man hustled the old market woman round the nearest corner. Once out of sight, she stood still, leaning heavily against the wall. He was condemned, she told herself, De Rozède was condemned. She could see him, with the priest beside him, ascending the scaffold in the Place before the cathedral doors; could see the packed square, the projecting house-fronts alive with curious faces; and for one minute was a mere bewildered, de-

spairing old woman. Then all the force latent in her revolted. Death should not have him so easily! She, such as she was, would fight him for his prize.

It was one thing to enter Clermont with the market carts in the twilight of morning, when every petty official at the gate was on his mettle to weigh and measure, question and hector; and another to leave it at an hour when all good citizens were forgetting their labors and their dignity over a savory meal. The keeper of the gate that led towards the mountains required no persuasion to permit the egress of an old peasant woman, riding a small trim brown donkey. He complimented the old lady on her mount, and listening to the quick patter of the small hoofs under the echoing gateway, meditated harmlessly on the ways of donkeys, who start well but are soon overtaken by their habitual laziness.

But Jollivette, possibly because she was a witch's donkey, still quickened her pace, a fast-dwindling speck upon the empty road.

At first it was a pleasant road, almost level between gently sloping fields; then a steady ascent overhung by rough, untilled ground, which fell away from the mountain's gaunt feet. Jollivette needed persuasion, and got it. Half-way past a gap in the rocky bank she was sharply reined in. She turned with reluctance towards the gap. Perhaps she knew what lay before her. Her rider eyed the steep path that climbed and climbed close above a brawling stream, and (presumably) asked herself whether her beast and she could ever master it, ever thread their way between thicket and boulder, and survive the precipitous descent into the valley beyond. And here contemporary evidence as to what took place becomes sharply contradictory, the question being, did the witch of St. Quenet and her Jollivette become a pair of ravens, and spreading strong wings

sail off over the tree-tops? or did Mère Jacquard merely trust herself to Jollivette's stout legs and the devil's casual help?

However confidently individuals differed on this point, they were perfectly agreed upon one aspect of it. Since Mère Jacquard reached Ivay when M. de Rozède was still at dinner, she could only have got there by means more or less supernatural.

The servant who received her saw only a small brown donkey, dark with sweat, and an old woman who seemed half distraught.

M. le Vicomte, sitting at dinner, was told that an old Commère wished to speak to him. "Very well," he said — "let her wait," and learnt that the astonishing old person objected to waiting. "Very well, then — let her go — to the devil!"

But the old woman, it seemed, had already rejected some such suggestion, and had said — here the servant sniggered — "Tell your master that I am the witch of St. Quenet."

Madame la Vicomtesse, who was listening with her elbows on the table, a charming picture of eager curiosity, laughed suddenly like a child. Her husband rose up and went into the outer hall, to find an old bent woman huddled in a chair. In answer to his questions she stared blankly. It was Madame la Vicomtesse who ran for a glass of wine, and held it to Mère Jacquard's trembling lips.

Three mouthfuls were enough. The witch of St. Quenet threw back her head, her eyes once more aglow like smouldering fires. "Votre Seigneurie," she said, "the case against you has been tried. It is over — ended. You are condemned."

M. de Rozède's eyebrows rose incredulously. "To pay a fine?" he asked.

"To die on the scaffold."

"She is mad!" cried Madame la Vicomtesse.

Mère Jacquard caught her hand. "Madame, if you love your husband, save him! The king's archers are on their way to arrest him. If he takes the best horse in his stable, and rides like the phantom huntsman, he may yet escape them."

Madame la Viscomtesse caught her husband's hand. "Claude," she whispered, "it is true — my heart tells me so!"

III.

The archers of the King's Maréchaussée swung out of Clermont at a good steady pace. They kept to the main road, for the sergeant in command had no orders bidding him follow break-neck short cuts or dangerous byways. They covered the ground quickly, and Madame la Viscomtesse had not dried her first rush of tears when they clattered into the great courtyard at Ivay.

The old manor-house seemed asleep. It awoke reluctantly to a running of startled feet, confused exclamations, contradictory statements made by astonished servants. M. le Vicomte? He had gone to Riom. No, he was at Aurillac.

The sergeant thought otherwise, and followed unhesitatingly the path which led towards the river, telling his men that they had to overtake a man who was riding for his life.

Claude de Barey, Vicomte de Rozède, rode past fields and meadows—his own fields and meadows—and through woods—his own woods—a fugitive from the King's justice. He did not feel in the least like a fugitive, neither would he acknowledge himself such. Only his wife's entreaties had prevailed against his own judgment, and the unimpeachable fact that M. de Précorbin, whom he had esteemed a harmless, hen-pecked old nonentity, had laid an information accusing him of the forcible abduction of his daughter, before the

Court of the Great Days. His wife's face, white and desperate as when he had last kissed it, flitted before him. He tried to imagine how it would smile at him on the day that he came home, bringing a Royal pardon.

He first drew rein where the ways forked; to the right his road, the road to the river ford; to the left a rough, overgrown track leading through a copse to the riverside, at a point far below the ford. He sat for a moment listening, and hearing nothing but the harsh croak of a raven above his head. Ah, there it was, that bird of evil omen! It had settled on a tree beside the wider pathway, uttering croaks of an amazing profundity. He rode a yard or two nearer to it. Deliberately it took flight, and flapped across his path. M. de Rozède reined in his horse. A superstition, learnt long ago beside the nursery fire, laid a sudden hold upon him. Evil threatens the traveller when a raven flies across the way which he must follow. M. de Rozède thought hard. If indeed the King's archers were on his track, they would undoubtedly make for the ford, and, it might be, overtake him before he reached it. The left-hand track led much more speedily to the river, and the river, at his risk and peril, might be swum. He must make his choice for good or evil.

Horse and rider had just disappeared when the archers, at their sergeant's word of command, halted their sweating horses close to the parting of the ways.

The sergeant questioned one of them, who answered with decision: "That path to the left would bring him quicker to the water-side, but who would be mad enough to swim the river, swollen as it is by much rain?"

The sergeant was a man averse from taking chances. He headed for the ford himself, and three of his men rode

behind him; but at his bidding the other three went crashing through the copse.

They broke from it on to the rough open slope above the river to see a gentleman on a brown mare, which, coaxed and encouraged, took mincing, uneasy steps towards the water's edge. They shouted triumphantly: "Halt, in the King's name!"

De Rozède never turned his head. He knew now that the peril of death was behind him and before him—death on the scaffold, or death in the depths of that calm, full-flowing, rapid river, a mirror scarcely broken by a steely ripple as it darkly reflected the dark November sky.

Crash! the mirror quivered into a hundred bubbling, spreading circles. The brown mare was swimming gallantly. He looked out over the wide gray water. Opposite, if they could but win it, a low rush-edged bank and safety; lower down, whither the strong current kept drifting them, a thicket, growing closely and stretching outwards. After that he saw nothing save wan swiftly sliding water, heard nothing save the brown mare's labored breath. Something rose close above him. It was the bank—grown strangely high and steep.

The brown mare fought for a foothold, as if she felt the arms of death rise from the rushes to drag her back and down. The soft earth crumbled and sank away. Her master's voice urged her on. Yet one more frantic scramble, and lo! the sky came suddenly nearer, and the blessed ground rang solid under her hoofs.

M. de Rozède turned in the saddle and looked back. From the river's farther shore the three archers watched him, with the resigned air of men who, having done their duty, feel no sense of further responsibility. Indeed, he gave them credit for a certain satisfac-

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tion at his escape, only qualified by a twinge of hurt professional pride.

A raven sailed over their heads and dropped to a stump overhanging the water, uttering croaks which, in spite of distance, sounded a malicious triumphant note in M. le Vicomte's ears. And he remembered how the boys who had pelted her with chestnuts had told him that the witch of St. Quenet would often take shape as a raven, and fly abroad on evil works intent. What if she had twice warned him, twice saved him?

He took off his hat and waved it, shouting gaily: "Au revoir, Madame, et merci!"

Madame de Précorbin and her daughter Madame de Rozède went to Versailles, and laid a petition at the Grand Monarque's august feet. Possibly the spectacle of a mother-in-law anxious to take upon herself the whole guilt of her son-in-law's crime moved the King more than a wife's natural tears. Be that as it may, the Royal answer to the humble supplication of Claude de Barey, Vicomte de Rozède, was a "Letter of Abolition," in which, having taken into account the singular circumstances of the case, the intercession made for him, his services in time of war, and those rendered by his predecessors and ancestors, "We of our especial grace, full power and Royal authority, acquit, remit, pardon, extinguish, and abolish the acts above mentioned, with any punishment and expiation, corporal, civil, and criminal, which, owing to the said acts, he may have incurred before us and justice."

Thus it came about that Mère Jacquard lived to see the return of M. le Vicomte to his own country and his own home.

And M. le Vicomte did not prove ungrateful.

Sidney Pickering.

LORD GOSCHEN.

Lord Goschen belonged emphatically to the old school, of whom the Duke of Devonshire and Lord S. Aldwyn are now the only representatives. George Joachim Goschen began his public life with some advantages and some disadvantages. His father was a partner in the firm of Fruhling and Goschen, foreign bankers and bill-acceptors. After his education at Rugby and Oriel College, Oxford, Mr. G. J. Goschen served for about ten years in the paternal office, at a time when University men were much rarer than they are now. The business of Fruhling and Goschen was mainly the writing their name across foreign bills of exchange, drawn against bills of lading or a previously arranged accommodation, the credit of the firm, for which of course a commission was paid, enabling the holder to discount it. The young Oxford man, who had taken his first class in Greats, applied a trained reason to what is usually done by rule of thumb, and published "The Theory of Foreign Exchanges," which is quite a classical work upon a very intricate branch of international finance. When Gladstone formed his first Government in 1868 he was quite delighted to get hold of a City man who was also an Oxford man, and he appointed young Mr. Goschen his Chancellor of the Duchy with a seat in the Cabinet at the unusually early age of thirty-three. He was shortly afterwards promoted to be First Lord of the Admiralty: but from the Government of 1880 he was left out, because he was opposed to the extension of the household franchise to the counties. The truth is that Mr. Goschen was essentially a Conservative in thought and feeling, and that his adhesion to the Liberal party was only possible so long as it kept within Palmerstonian lines

of "animated moderation" in domestic politics, and a spirited Imperialism abroad. As Gladstone drifted towards Radicalism, Goschen drifted towards Toryism; and the Home Rule Bill of 1886 finally severed his connection with the Liberal party.

When he took Lord Randolph Churchill's place in 1887, Mr. Goschen had the good sense to avow his Conservatism and to join the Carlton Club. The years between 1885 and 1892 were the meridian of Mr. Goschen's career. It was then that his eloquence, rather rough and disjointed as it was, shone by its evident conviction and persuaded by its vehement reasoning. Mr. Goschen was incapable of preparing a speech, in the sense of writing it out beforehand. His style was therefore jerky: it wanted the "callidæ juncturæ" of more polished rhetoricians: and his voice was harsh and husky. But his speeches glowed with honest public spirit, and he beat down his opponents and carried away his friends by his enthusiastic common-sense. Mr. Goschen was successful by his force of character and power of logic rather than by his measures of administration. It is a striking illustration of the fact that the qualities of a successful Chancellor of the Exchequer are those of the man of the world, and not those of the City financier, that Mr. Goschen was one of the least successful Chancellors of the Exchequer the world has ever seen. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, a country gentleman, and Sir William Harcourt, a lawyer, were far better Chancellors of the Exchequer than the late partner in the banking-house. Lord Randolph Churchill, who could not do a sum in decimals, would have been a very successful Chancellor of the Exchequer, because he understood human

nature, and was conversant with the variety of English life. Mr. Goschen, presiding over the National finances during years of great prosperity, frittered away surplus after surplus in subtle and trifling adjustments and readjustments, for which he got no gratitude, because his mind had a fatal affection for details. Statistics fascinated him and he distrusted generalization—the true scientific mind, no doubt, but not that of the popular and successful statesman. Even his great scheme for the conversion of Consols, by which he will probably live in history, is now regarded by many as a mistake. It is not pleasant for a country like England to see its National Funds standing at a discount of thirteen; but when Consols were at a premium, it seemed as if Mr. Goschen

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thought they could never go below par. He certainly miscalculated seriously the future value of money. Mr. Goschen was more successful at the Admiralty than at the Treasury. In private life Lord Goschen was beloved by his intimate friends: but in the House of Commons, to the ordinary member of Parliament he was pompous and frigid. Throughout his struggles in the arena he had the advantage of an ample fortune, and the disadvantage of a foreign name. Latterly, for some reason or another, he dwelt much on his German parentage, a subject which in his earlier years he rather avoided. His life was useful to his country and must have been gratifying to himself and his family. The Unionist party must regret the loss of so sound and devoted a counsellor.

MR. BRYCE AND AMERICA.

Mr. Bryce has more than once denied, and with some warmth, that there is any mystery about his appointment to the Washington Embassy. But he cannot fairly complain if people find in his translation from the smaller Ireland across the Channel to the larger one across the Atlantic something which, if not mysterious, is at least peculiar. For one thing Mr. Bryce leaves the Irish Office just when his labors of the past thirteen months are about to bear fruit and when the post he abandons is to become the storm-centre of politics. That may be a discreet proceeding, but it is so unusual as to be almost if not quite unique. For another thing Mr. Bryce is sixty-eight years old and the retiring age in the diplomatic service is fixed at seventy. There is something abnormal in a man of sixty-eight, even if he be a man of Mr. Bryce's refreshing vigor of mind and body, suddenly taking up a new and exacting career;

and when the conditions of the career he has thus embarked upon are such as only allow him two years in which to distinguish himself, speculation cannot well help passing into wonder and wonder into amazement. Mr. Bryce, however, has let it be known that there is work "of great and special importance" to be done just now by the British Ambassador at Washington, and that the Government thought him the man to do it. On general principles we should be inclined to say the Government was right. As a representative of Great Britain in the United States, Mr. Bryce has certain advantages that no other Englishman can lay claim to. He knows America thoroughly; he has written a book on American institutions which is still, after seventeen years, in use as a school and college text-book throughout the United States; no Englishman, no foreigner of any nationality, has more than a quar-

ter of his influence with American opinion. If, therefore, work of great and special importance is really waiting to be carried out by the British Ambassador at Washington, it could hardly be entrusted to more authoritative hands than his. The American people have given him in advance the heartiest of welcomes, and if American officialdom has been somewhat more backward in its display of enthusiasm—Mr. Roosevelt, it is an open secret, favored and did his best to promote the appointment of another candidate—that will do Mr. Bryce no harm. On the contrary, a British Ambassador who has the sympathies and regard of the American masses is incomparably better placed than any diplomatist who has merely the sympathies and regard of President Roosevelt.

Nevertheless it is not without a certain anxiety that we look forward to Mr. Bryce's tenure of office. An incurable idealist, he is likely to suffer in Washington as in Dublin from the contact with realities that awaits him. It is one thing to deliver Home Rule speeches from the floor of the House of Commons; it is another and very different thing, as Mr. Bryce found, to govern Ireland. It is one thing to write admirably on the American Commonwealth; it is another and very different thing to uphold the interests of the Empire against American statesmen. When it comes to a matter of international bargaining, Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Root require to be watched as one would watch a New England farmer in the mazes of a horse deal. We are not quite sure that Mr. Bryce's vigilance is altogether of this realistic character. If we may judge from his farewell speech of last Wednesday, it is in a spirit of almost excessive altruism that he goes to his new post. He regards himself as charged above all else to represent in the United States

"the sentiment of pride and brotherhood," and to deliver "a message of true sympathy in weal and in woe." We have no quarrel whatever with this conception of a British ambassador's duties so far as it goes. This country has rightly decided that the maintenance not only of peace but of the closest friendship between England and America should be one of the fixed aims of British policy. But there are two ways in which that aim may be pursued. One is the sentimental, the other is the Imperial. The first regards Anglo-American amity as an asset of such transcendent importance that it is worth while sacrificing almost any Colonial interest to secure it. The second, while in no way minimizing the value of peace and good will between the two countries, takes up the position that British interests should be the first care of British statesmanship, and discountenances the fallacy that American friendship either can or should be purchased by the surrender of any Colonial rights. To which of these schools does Mr. Bryce belong? To any one who has studied his writings, his career, and the bent of his mind and temperament, the answer is not difficult. Mr. Bryce ranges himself instinctively with those who exalt Anglo-American friendship to the height of a supreme dogma. His devotion to America and to the ideal of frictionless sympathy between the two nations very greatly exceeds his devotion to the Empire.

We think it likely, therefore, that Mr. Bryce will do more than a little to perpetuate one of the least pleasing traditions of the British Embassy at Washington. Too many of our representatives at the American capital have forgotten that they were the representatives not of England only but of the Empire. They have rather fallen into the way of looking upon Canada and Newfoundland and the diplomatic questions connected with

them as so many unpalatable interruptions in their task of promoting Anglo-American friendship. One result of this is that both Canada and Newfoundland are penetrated with the conviction that Great Britain is ready to sacrifice their interests for the sake of avoiding even the appearance of a dispute with the United States. Sir Mortimer Durand did much to weaken this conviction. He labored to make the British Embassy at Washington a centre not merely of English but of Imperial interests, to win the confidence of Canadians and Newfoundlanders, and to make them feel that they had in him an effective champion. What is his reward? It is common knowledge that Sir Mortimer Durand's resignation was due at bottom to Mr. Roosevelt's irritation with his firmness in upholding British interests, and to the mistaken weakness of Sir Edward Grey in proceeding upon the strange assumption that Anglo-American good will can only be maintained on a sliding scale of British concessions. Mr. Bryce's

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appointment in view of all that preceded it and of his reputation for anti-nationalism and for phil-Americanism is very naturally accepted in Ottawa and St. John's as an indication that the policy of surrender is to be resumed. Negotiations are now in progress for a general settlement of all outstanding issues between the Colonies and the United States. They are not serious issues, though their cumulative effect is undoubtedly to create friction. From the standpoint of one who looks merely to the relations of England and America they may seem small things. But to Canada and Newfoundland they are not small, and while the spirit in which the negotiations have been entered upon is on both sides friendly and candid, there is no disposition to yield to America more than she is entitled to. Will Mr. Bryce encourage this disposition or will he seek to undermine it? It is by the answer to that question that his record as an Ambassador will assuredly be judged.

THE DIFFUSION OF DEFERENCE.

Is deference disappearing? If so, it will be an irreparable loss to the world. But human nature, to do it justice, has never hitherto lost a virtue, though some have so changed in appearance as to be for a while unrecognizable. There is precedent, therefore, for hoping that deference is taking new shapes, not dying out. The old forms, however, were very charming, and we may be allowed to regret them. Ceremonial deference is now far to seek. Youth makes little show of it to age, ignorance to learning, simplicity to gentility, men to women. All the same, we contend that deference is still at work in the world, more widespread and more potent than ever. Something

worth having is lost with every change for the better. Nothing—certainly no improvement—is to be had for nothing, and many familiar and pleasant types are now no more.

There is one little actor who has left the social stage since deference ceased to dictate in matters of manners, and that is the deferential child. He will be very much missed, though his successor is more amusing. Many of the honorific things said about childhood years ago are ceasing to be true. We shall have to invent some new tributes. The child who is gone believed in grown-up people just because they were grown up. He stood in awe of the mature world, and never put on the

critical spectacles which have been supplied to him lately. If he was unkindly treated, he thought—poor little thing!—that he deserved it; if kindly, he was grateful as for a free grace. It was easy to please him because he did not expect much pleasure; and he was discreet, realizing that there were many subjects in earth as well as heaven which were completely beyond his grasp, and upon which his comments would be ill received. Grown-up people did not feel it necessary to give in to him in order to show him an example of unselfishness; they just thwarted him to get him used to it. We must applaud him now that he has played his part; but we can never bring him back. There are still a few unfortunate children who are trained in the old stern school, but they are not unconscious any longer. You cannot put new wine into old bottles. The little boys and girls of to-day realize the roughness and resent it. After all, would we who are grown up exchange the children's confidence for their deference?

Later on in life something like the same phenomena are to be observed. But the deferential young man and woman are less to be regretted than the deferential child. Illusions melt away with the years, and they stood in no real awe of their elders. Rather they acquiesced in the keeping up of a time-honored barrier between youth and age which has since been thrown down, to the great advantage of both. Nevertheless, the old custom was very pretty on the outside; and, after all, the outside of life matters a great deal, or why do we make so much fuss about sordid surroundings? Again, where no love exists between persons of different generations who are bound to inhabit the same house—and such cases, though rarer than they are made out, do occur—the modern absence of deferential custom

greatly increases the friction, and makes a perpetual pain of what might be no more than an occasional pinch. Among thinking people, perhaps, the absence of intellectual deference of the young towards the old comes of a change more fundamental than the change of manners. In an age of widely diffused knowledge and no very great originality too much weight is apt to be given to methods of thinking, and too little to power of thought. On the whole, however, the new relation of old and young is an improvement. One outcome of it is the prolongation of youth,—surely a pure benefit. Old and young are now so allied by friendship, intimacy, and common interests that the gulf between them has almost closed up, and men, and even women, pass over it almost unconsciously.

As to social deference, it is not easy in this time of unrest to compute our gains and our losses. No doubt a good deal of respect was offered in the past to unworthy objects, and helped to satisfy them with their own unworthiness. On the other hand, it is good to feel respect as well as to receive it; and it was the majority who gave, and the few who accepted it. There was something very fine in the character of the old-fashioned farm laborer. There is nothing intrinsically lowering to the nature in the habit of looking up to those more fortunate than ourselves. Again, many highly placed people were made better and more humble by the deference they received. They were expected to act nobly and to set an example, and the thought of their responsibility steadied them. An attitude of deference may be less favorable for the growth of character than one of independence, but at least it is better than one of constant grudging comparison and less ignoble than one of disapproving emulation. Still, though it is possible, it is not easy to pay too highly for freedom, and the breach of the cus-

tom of social deference has made for the freedom of society. As to the deference which the ignorant once paid to the learned, there is now no one to pay it. No one now believes in his own ignorance. Conclusions upon every subject are to be had for the asking. They are within the grasp of all who can read. Who arrived at those conclusions, who worked and reasoned and struggled for them, nobody knows any longer. The disseminator—generally the Press—demands no deference, and the originator is very often unknown, or is at most a vague name to the majority. One cannot but respect the old receptive attitude of those who realized themselves to be in the hands of the men who knew better, and whose shrewd heads were not swelled by a plethora of cheap opinions; but the march of events has made the position impossible. Not but that the learned on all subjects still get deference; but they get it from the learned, who alone nowadays know the difference between knowledge and ignorance. It may be true that in the higher ranks of society less outward deference is paid to women than used to be the case. It is the inevitable price which educated women have paid for their emancipation, their freedom to compete with men. It can never again be the fashion for a gentleman to enter a drawing-room on tip-toe and bent nearly double, as Horace Walpole used to do, in simulation of humility in the presence of ladies. More *camaraderie* must mean less ceremonial. On the other hand, many modern improvements in the condition of women reveal an increase rather than a loss of true deference. Educated women who are obliged to work for money go nowadays through many hardships; but though they must, in the nature of

things, accept, as a rule, subordinate positions, they need not necessarily encounter from beginning to end of their career the smallest injury to their pride. This, of course, is not all due to the chivalry of men, but it is to some extent. Many women are still engaged in the teaching of children, and are subordinate to other women. Their position, too, has entirely changed. The new deference paid to childhood has brought honor upon their office, and we wonder now at the amazing disrespect our grandparents paid to their offspring in considering that any untrained governess or ill-educated and unmannerly usher was fit to open out their budding intelligences and rule over them from morning to night.

No doubt social deference still exists, and often assumes ugly forms; but it is giving way before individual deference. Where all are strangers, all stand nowadays upon their merits. As we travel about in trains and streets and meet our fellow-creatures at close quarters without knowing anything about them, we neither give nor expect to receive any formal deference at all. The broad demarcations of clean and dirty alone exist in the crowd. Yet this very decay of formality, this seeming disappearance, is, in truth, but the diffusion of deference we all have to pay now wherever we see it to be due. To excel—even in an unworthy struggle—is to receive deference, and those who wish to excel must defer. No age or class is privileged any longer to receive and not give it. If we may be allowed, for the sake of a metaphor, to personify a virtue, we should say that Deference in relinquishing her claim to temporal power has increased tenfold the area of her spiritual dominion.

EURIPIDES THE HUMAN.*

Dr. Murray has not mentioned on his title-page a short introduction full of insight and new and original points of view; but it is not the least pleasing part of a very pleasing book. We are startled when we read that the real love of Jason's life was his love for the ship *Argo*; but when we come to read the play carefully again we observe that the primeval ship had really touched the imagination of the romantic adventurer who was mystically con-signed in his childhood to the wise centaur Chiron, to charter in his man-hood the first of ships and fulfil the hard tasks imposed by the usurper Pelias—in which he famously suc-ceeds, through the aid of the en-chantress Medea, daring as potent, who sacrifices her brother's life to bring her hero back to Greece, where by craft she compasses the death of Jason's sup-planter, Pelias. Her love for Jason and for her children is animal, brute-like: and this is brought out by the poet with amazing skill. She is a female Othello. Dr. Murray says that Jason "probably rather loved her." But we see no trace of this in the play, while he boasts cynically of the wild passion with which he inspired her. His marriage with Creusa he frankly describes as a *mariage de convenance*, into which feeling did not enter at all. Jason accepts the hand of the princess, and, when Creon, the father of Creusa, resolves to banish Medea, he thinks there is a good deal to be said for Creon's point of view. There begins the tragedy. Whatever may be said for the Jason of the beautiful poem of Apollonius Rhodius (and even there he pales before the heroine Medea), the

*"The Medea of Euripides." Translated into English rhyming Verse, with explanatory Notes, by Gilbert Murray, LL.D. (Allen, 2s. net.)

Jason of the Euripidean play is a very sorry hero indeed.

The *Medea*, which was brought out in 432 B.C.—the first year of the Peloponnesian War—is a very great play with the defects which mar the early efforts of a great genius, which must be condemned from the region of high art, but which would have been an ir-reparable loss if they had been sup-pressed. Romeo ought not to have given his brilliant picture of the Apothecary's shop, distracted as he was by the doubts and fears inspired by the crisis; Mercutio could never have woven the delicate fancy about Queen Mab; Medea should not have wept in the second scene with Jason, and the scene with Aegeus is out of place; but who would wish any of these scenes away? And we see how the maturer art of the Greek as well as the Eng-lish poet rejected digressions, if they may be so called, however finely exe-cuted. We are altogether in accord with Dr. Murray when he writes:

For concentrated dramatic quality and sheer intensity of passion few plays ever written can vie with the *Medea*.

The metrification is beautiful. It is free from that tendency to resolve long syllables which makes the later plays of Euripides far less pleasing to the ear.

Dr. Murray still adheres to rhymed couplets, and certainly his success in achieving an easy flow of verse is amazing; but we should be glad to see it transferred to a more suitable arena. Let him put into verse Mr. Mackall's selections from the Greek Anthology, which crave the art of a deft versifier, while the senarius actually loses weight by being rendered in rhyme. Though

Dr. Murray should surpass even Medea in the arts of conjuring, he could not avoid omissions and interpolations in the interests of the rhyme. To go no farther than vv. 30-33, the words in italics are not in the Greek:

Only the white throat *in a sudden*
shame
May writhe, and all alone she moans
the name
Of father, and land, and home, forsook
that day
For this man's sake, who casteth her
away.

Again, in v. 720 when Aegæus in the Greek says only that his whole hope of progeny is gone, in the English he declares:

'Tis this hath made mine whole
Life as a shadow, and starved out my
soul.

Many cases like this could be adduced but there are passages in which even in the shackles of rhyme the poet (for Dr. Murray is a poet) moves easily and renders faithfully, e.g., in Medea's soliloquy about her children (1028-1044):

Oh, cursèd be mine own hard heart!
'twas all
In vain, then, that I reared you up, so
tall
And fair; in vain I bore you, and was
torn
With those long pitiless pains, when
you were born.
Ah, wondrous hopes my poor heart had
in you,
How you would tend me in mine age,
and do
The shroud about me with your own
dear hands,
When I lay cold, blessèd in all the
lands
That knew us. And that gentle
thought is dead!
You go, and I live on, to eat the bread
Of long years, to myself most full of
pain.
And never your dear eyes, never again.

Shall see your mother, far away being
thrown
To other shapes of life. . . . My babes,
my own,
Why gaze ye so?—What is it that ye
see?—
And laugh with that last laughter? . . .
Woe is me,
What shall I do?
Women, my strength is gone,
Gone like a dream, since once I looked
upon
Those shining faces. . . . I can do it
not.

And we must quote in justification of our view the death of Creusa (1186-1203):

The carcanet of gold
That gripped her brow was molten in
a dire
And wondrous river of devouring fire.
And those fine robes, the gift thy chil-
dren gave—
God's mercy!—everywhere did lap and
lave
The delicate flesh; till up she sprang,
and fled,
A fiery pillar, shaking locks and head
This way and that, seeking to cast the
crown
Somewhere away. But like a thing
nalled down
The burning gold held fast the anadem.
And through her locks, the more she
scattered them,
Came fire the fiercer, till to earth she
fell,
A thing—save to her sire—scarce name-
able,
And strove no more. That cheek of
royal mien,
Where was it—or the place where eyes
had been?
Only from crown and temples came
faint blood
Shot through with fire. The very flesh,
it stood
Out from the bones, as from a
wounded pine
The gum starts, where those gnaw-
ing poisons fine
Bit in the dark—a ghastly sight! And
touch
The dead we durst not. We had seen
too much . . .

But the last words hardly convey the Greek, and are due only to the rhyme.

More pleasing still are the lyrical parts, where the very form of the metre seems to permit a less close adherence to the words of the text, for instance in the Nurse's appeal to the children (98-110):

Ah, children, hark! She moves again
Her frozen heart, her sleeping wrath.
In, quick! And never cross her path,
Nor rouse that dark eye in its pain;

That fell sea-spirit, and the dire
Spring of a will untaught, unbowed.
Quick, now!—Methinks this weeping
cloud
Hath in its heart some thunder-fire.

Slow gathering, that must flash ere
long.

I know not how, for ill or well,
It turns, this uncontrollable
Tempestuous spirit, blind with wrong.

The glorification of Athens, which
Dr. Murray compares with the famous
speech of Pericles in Thucydides, Book
II., is also a fine piece of metrification.
We give the first strophe (824-834):

The sons of Erechtheus, the olden,
Whom high gods planted of yore
In an old land of heaven upholden.
A proud land untrodden of war:
They are hungered, and lo, their desire
With wisdom is fed as with meat:
In their skies is a shining of fire.
A joy in the fall of their feet:
And thither, with manifold dowers.
From the North, from the hills, from
the morn,
The Muses did gather their powers,
That a child of the Nine should be
born;
And Harmony, sown as the flowers,
Grew gold in the acres of corn.

We will conclude with the celebrated
crux beginning at v. 214. We find it
difficult to reconcile with either the
Greek text or Dr. Murray's Latin ver-
sion of it in his Clarendon Press edi-

tion, the verses 214-226; but the whole
passage is finely done, though in the last
words there is a fierce sneer at men
(due to the need for rhyme) which the
Greek does not countenance:

Women of Corinth, I am come to show
My face, lest ye despise me. For I
know

Some heads stand high and fall not,
even at night

Alone—far less like this, in all men's
sight:

And we, who study not our wayfarings
But feel and cry—Oh we are drifting
things,

And evil! For what truth is in men's
eyes,

Which search no heart, but in a flash
despise

A strange face, shuddering back from
one that ne'er

Hath wronged them? . . . Sure, far-
comers anywhere,

I know, must bow them and be gentle.
Nay,

A Greek himself men praise not, who
always

Should seek his own will recking not
. . . But I—

This thing undreamed of, sudden from
on high,

Hath sapped my soul: I dazzle where
I stand,

The cup of all life shattered in my
hand,

Longing to die—O friends! He, even
he,

Whom to know well was all the world
to me,

The man I loved, hath proved most
evil.—Oh,

Of all things upon earth that bleed and
grow,

A herb most bruised is woman. We
must pay

Our store of gold, hoarded for that one
day,

To buy us some man's love; and lo,
they bring

A master of our flesh! There comes
the sting

Of the whole shame. And then the
jeopardy.

For good or ill, what shall that master
be;

Reject she cannot: and if he but stays

His suit, 'tis shame on all that woman's days.

So thrown amid new laws, new places, why,

'Tis magic she must have, or prophecy—
The Academy.

Home never taught her that—how best
to guide

Toward peace this thing that sleepeth
at her side.

R. Y. Tyrell.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Among works to come from the Cambridge University Press shortly is a volume entitled "National Life and Character in the Mirror of Early English Literature," by Edmund Dale, M.A., D.Lit. The object of the book is to set forth and to illustrate, by means of extracts from contemporary writers, the ever-developing character of the Englishman in the successive ages of his early career.

"The Many-Sided Universe," by C. M. E. (E. P. Dutton & Co.) is an obviously sincere attempt to make more clear to young people the relations which exist between the natural and spiritual worlds. Whoever the author may be who conceals his identity behind these initials, he has a spirit at once earnest and tolerant; and his little book is calculated to steady and make more vital the faith of young people who may give it a thoughtful reading.

Under the title "Truth and Falsehood in Religion," E. P. Dutton & Co. print a second edition of six lectures which were delivered at Cambridge, England, to undergraduates in the Lent term last year by William Ralph Inge, D.D. These are direct, forceful discourses aimed directly at the intelligence of a student audience and intended to give a sane presentation of religion. They are upon such practical themes as Religion in the Life of the Individual, Faith and Fact, The Religion of Christ and Problems and Tasks, and they derive a certain directness and cogency

from the circumstances under which they were delivered.

Messrs. Allston Rivers of London have just published at a shilling each two booklets of "Democratic Sonnets" by Mr. William Michael Rossetti, as the first instalment of "The Contemporary Poets Series." These fifty sonnets were mostly written about 1881, and only three of them have been printed before, being regarded then as too outspoken for the temper of the time. The series is being produced under the editorship of Mr. F. M. Hueffer, and early volumes in it will be "Sealed Orders and other Poems," by Mr. W. H. Pollock; "The Soul's Destroyer, and other Poems," by Mr. W. H. Davies; and "Repose, and other Verses," by Mr. J. Marjoram.

The twenty-sixth volume of the reprints of "Early Western Travels" which Dr. Reuben Gold Thwaites, with the assistance of several co-workers, is editing for the Arthur H. Clark Company is devoted to the reproduction of Edmund Flagg's "The Far West." All of these terms are relative, so far as the history of this country is concerned, and the "Far West" of which Flagg wrote in 1838 long since became the "Middle West." Flagg's travels were confined to the states of Missouri and Illinois, and the material out of which he made his book appeared first as a series of letters in the Louisville Journal. Flagg was little more than a youth at the time—his death did not occur until 1890—and his

style is not wholly free from the exuberances of youth. But he saw keenly and closely and reported what he saw, and what he thought about it in a vivid and picturesque manner. Some aspects of the development of the West can be nowhere studied to better advantage than in these pages.

The English papers record with regret the recent death of Sir William Howard Russell, at the age of 86. The *Athenæum* says of him that he was generally regarded as the first of modern war correspondents, though he had predecessors such as Crabb Robinson. As a veteran of the profession Sir William won many tributes of respect and affection, and retained to the last the vivacity and geniality which distinguished his many narratives of camp and field. He began as a young man at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1841, to write correspondence to *The Times* concerning the troublous elections of the period, and reported the trial of O'Connell in 1843. Henceforth his career was settled, and he had a series of successes. He was in the Crimean War (where his complaints of neglect and mismanagement caused both sensation and reform), and in India in 1857-1858, during the heroic days of the Mutiny. He returned home so weakened by the trials of campaigning that he gave up the idea of going abroad again, and established *The Army and Navy Gazette*, which he edited till his death. He was persuaded, however, to go out to Washington in 1860, made a tour of the Southern States, and was present at the battle of Bull Run in 1861. His plain speaking on this occasion led to unpopularity and his recall. He was in the war between Prussia and Austria in 1866, and followed the Franco-German War with the victors in 1870, and as late as 1879 went to South Africa for *The Daily Telegraph*. Here

he was permanently lamed, but nothing could conquer the robustness of his constitution.

Mr. Denis A. McCarthy's "Voices from Erin" (Boston: Angel Guardian Press) have the true lyric spontaneity and sweetness. There is nothing in the least forced or artificial for example, in verse like this:

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring-time of the year,

When life like the year is young,
When the soul is just awaking like a lily blossom breaking,
And love words linger on the tongue;
When the blue of Irish skies is the hue of Irish eyes,

And love dreams cluster and cling
Round the heart and round the brain,
half of pleasure, half of pain.

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring.

There is something charmingly ingenuous in the manner in which the poet annexes the delights of spring to those of his saint's day:

After the dreary winter weather,

After the cold and the silence too,
Spring and St. Patrick's Day together

Come with a message of hope anew.
Green grass growing in sheltered places
Shows its color to weary eyes—
How can we wonder that all the races
Welcome the day when the green flag flies?

In a different vein, and appealing to the universal human consciousness is this "At Night":

Often at night my little daughter stirs
And cries, perhaps at some rude dream of ill,

But when she feels her father's hand on hers

She sinks again to slumber sweet and still.

Often at night I, too, from dreaming start,

Shaken by fears, alas, that are not dreams,

But when Thou lay'st Thy hand upon my heart,

O Christ the Comforter, how sweet it seems.